

FOR  
INDIA'S  
RECLAMATION.

(See page 4)

Price FIVE CENTS

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while he lives. He is a walk-

—1 Timothy 5:6

# The **WAR CRY**

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD

Official Gazette of The Salvation Army in Canada East, Newfoundland and Bermuda

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
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CHARLES SOWTON, Commissioner



## "A Cup of Gold Water" (Matt. 10:42).

The great mission of The Salvation Army is to minister. It is among the jobless and the hopeless, the suffering and the sinning, the orphaned and the widowed, the heartbroken and spirit-wounded, the aged and the infirm children of men that they find their field of labor. So long as there is left one soul-parched child of the race, there is necessity that Salvationists continue to pass on "a cup of cold water."





**T**HERE are no statuary monuments or famous paintings to perpetuate the memory of Job; yet, his name is as familiar to us as any we care to mention. He stands as the synonym of patience and as such forms a part of our everyday vocabulary. The learned professor as well as the man of humble sphere frequently speaks of "The patience of Job."

When Job was stricken with grief, such as perhaps no other man has ever had, he showed himself a pattern of enduring faith and confidence in God. It is true that in his distress and great seasons of suffering, he bemoaned the day of his birth, and frequently he blighted himself, and would have preferred to die. But in the midst of his heavy sorrow he honored His Maker,

## "HE . . . hangeth the Earth upon nothing"

and gave joyful testimony to His goodness. In the hour of his bitterest trial, he gave utterance to that beautiful passage, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

When replying to his pretended comforters, he gave evidence of a great mind, and undoubtedly, his sayings bear the impress of inspiration. We need only quote the one given with this article as an example—"He . . . hangeth the earth upon nothing"—Job 26:7.

Since Job's day, many thousands of books have been written. Men of talent have left us a choice heritage of learning, but we ineffectually search our libraries again and again in the hope of finding some lofty expression of the same character to his. Many excellent and indispensable works there are, bearing upon the world and the solar systems, but the mind of Job, notwithstanding his humbled circumstances and many years of sore affliction, seems to soar away above them all.

This one terse sentence presents us with a vision of unequalled splendor and overwhelming greatness. We see the mighty system held in infinity of space by God's great wisdom and power—**hung on nothing!** In our feeble comprehension, we are left in amazement and wonder at it all. The hand of the Creator is in oblivion, but we have the portrayal of His work. Over-awed, as evidently David must have been, we, like him, would say, "From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God."

In this contemplation of the world's regular and perfect work, the varying orbits of the planets, their effect and influence, we turn to another Scriptural phrase which says, "How manifold are Thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them all."

We can hardly conceive how there can be those whose mentality so far fails them that they appear blind to things so sublime and magnificent. Some there are, notwithstanding, who, failing to grasp the infinite, stumble at the finite, and labor to prove their own pet theory in the hope that they may somehow justify themselves.

The cosmos does not need to be supported by argument. Each feature continues its appointed course without the help of man in any way, and will do so when the poor, foolish one who tries to invent obstacles which do not even serve to hide his foolishness, has long disappeared and is forgotten.

While ages have been rolling by, and the system has been following its order so perfectly, many "wise" men have tried to throw their bit of dust in doubt of this and that, but their display has fallen on their own heads, and been only to their own injury.

God is unmistakably in evidence in Nature, and there are myriads who declare He is equally great, and equally wonderful in grace. His might and His power hath gotten Him the victory. As He is majestic in the material, so is He in Love. He has been demonstrating down the ages of time that He ever liveth "To show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him."

The evidence of His love and interest in us is in the complete provision He has made for our redemption. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Love from highest Heavens to the deepest depths: without measure and without limit.

### Christians Should

C leave Unto the Lord—Acts 11:23.  
H ope in God—Psalm 43:5.  
R emember the Word—John 15:20.  
I mpart to Him That Hath None—Luke 3:11.  
S earch the Scriptures—John 5:39.  
T ell How Great Things the Lord Hath Done—Mark 5: 19.  
I nherit All Things—Rev. 21:7.  
A bid in Him—1 John 2:27.  
N ever see Death—John 8:51.  
S tand Fast in the Faith—1 Cor. 16:13.

### How a Bother Became a Brother

"Am I my brother's keeper?"—Genesis 4:9.

**I**T IS STRANGE what one little letter will do to a perfectly disagreeable word! There is one word which seems to be growing too commonplace altogether—the word "bother." Sometimes it seems people use it in a way which is very unfortunate.

"What a bother that man is!" exclaimed a business man, annoyed by the lapse of a down-and-almost-outer, whom he was trying to help. "I'm through with him. I've got enough to bother about without him."

"Wouldn't it be better," asked his friend, spelling out the word on a slip of paper, "if you inserted an extra letter in this word 'bother'?" He wrote an "r" between the "b" and the "o," and at once a new revelation came. His "bother" had become his "brother." What a difference! This is true Christianity.

When men stop thinking of those who need help as "bothers," and regard them as "brothers," humanity will be far happier in the mass than it is to-day. We help "brothers" from a twisted sense of duty. We help "brothers" because we love them. And it is love which wins, love which remoulds, love which saves men and nations alike. Let us convert the word "bother" into "brother," and the world will become a new world to us. In a real sense all men are our brothers, and though many may be unfortunate, yet they are part of the great human family.

### The Eternal Word

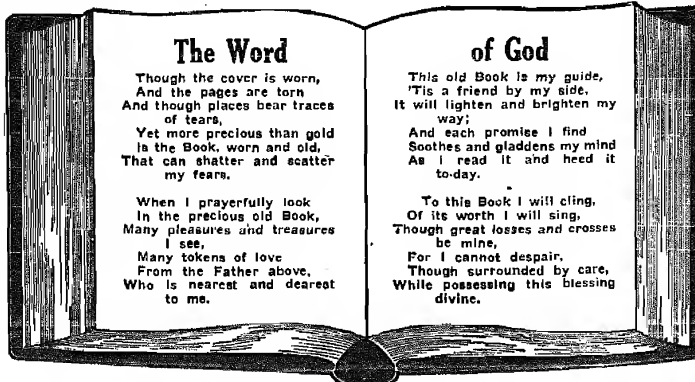
**T**HE BIBLE has had a mighty influence for good on the world in the years that are past. It has won the hearts and enlightened the lives of millions. It has rescued multitudes from the horrible pit, led their feet to the Rock of Ages, filled their mouths with singing, kept them from falling into hell, and guided them safely to the golden streets of the Celestial City.

The Bible has been more bitterly attacked and more cruelly slandered than any other book in existence. Again and again men have exerted every power to effect its destruction. But it has survived all opposition, and to-day is

### How to Sleep Soundly

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him"—Psalm 34:7.

**B**ISHOP BASHFORD, in one of his missionary tours through China, stopped one night at a village only to find that the hotel was crowded full. The hotel-keeper offered him a cot where he might sleep outdoors under the trees, but warned him that bandits and robbers had been operating in that community. He lay awake for a long time until he thought of the words of the Psalmist, "He that keepeth thee will not slumber"; and then he said to the



more widely circulated, and is more generally read, than ever before. Not all the powers of earth and hell combined have been able to destroy the blessed Bible.

Oh, my Comrades, do not let the Bible rise up in judgment against you, as it surely will if you either neglect it, or if, reading and knowing about Salvation and Victory of which it tells, you do not enjoy that Salvation and experience that Victory.—The Founder

Lord, "Dear Lord, there is no use of both of us being awake"; and in a moment or two, like Peter between the two soldiers, he fell sound asleep. When he awakened in the morning he saw a heathen Chinaman standing near, ready to sound a note of warning if robbers should approach.

What endless worry and fretting we would save ourselves did we but trust our God more fully. If He really cares, why should we fear?

## Breaking

**T**O be able to take the Light to those who sit in darkness is a privilege indeed; but what darkness there around us we have more than ever realized as we traveled through the outlying and remote districts, through the lonely valleys, and over the mountain passes, through the scattered villages where the name of Christ had not been heard, and where the Gospel had never been preached. We do pray that the outcome of our efforts will be the dawning new day for the villages we passed through and the springing up of a new life in the hearts of the people we came in contact with.

On Monday, May 19th, we left Yang on the first stage of our long journey. I must here say that many and varied our modes of travel: Peking cart, wheelbarrow, pack-mules, open cart, and, when it was impossible to use any of these, we carried our luggage by means of a pole over their shoulders, and we were

Our first halting place was a large, populous village, thirty li from Kao Yang. We spent two hours at noon preaching and selling Gospels.

What an interested crowd gathered round us!

We had decided that whilst on tour we would live like the Chinese—that is so far as food and lodgings were concerned—so after leaving this village we enquired where a suitable dwelling place for the night could be obtained; this we reached in the evening. After preparing our beds on the kang and having a welcome wash, we went out on to the street for a Meeting whilst the landlord of the inn made preparation for our evening meal. We were

In China, when a baby would rear her to a life of our evening meal. We were

well received here, and many copies of the Gospel were sold, enabling the villagers themselves to examine the doctrine after had passed on. The people welcomed us but there were other occupants of the kangs that seemed to resent our invasion, consequently we spent a restless night and up early next morning, glad to be away.

At Fang Shun Ch'iao a village fair in progress—what a splendid opportunity gave us to tell the glad tidings. The kindly gave us permission to use the stage for our platform; we had a crowd of thousands of people; what a picture all their turned faces made! A few minutes ago had been listening to the songs and jests of the actors, now they were drinking in the message of Salvation. In a very short time we had sold three hundred Gospels, still the people clamored with outstretched hands for more.

Leaving this place we made for Hsien, an old-world city. We arrived at



# Breaking New Ground in China

**T**O be able to take the Light to those who sit in darkness is a privilege indeed; but what darkness there is around us we have more than ever realized as we traveled through the outlying and remote districts, through the lonely valleys, and over the mountain passes, through the scattered villages, where the name of Christ had not been heard, and where the Gospel had never been preached. We do pray that the outcome of our efforts will be the dawning of a new day for the villages we passed through, and the springing up of a new life in the hearts of the people we came in contact with.

On Monday, May 19th, we left Kao Yang on the first stage of our long journey. I must here say that many and varied were our modes of travel: Peking cart, wheelbarrow, pack-mules, open cart, and, where it was impossible to use any of these, we hired carriers who carried our luggage by means of a pole over their shoulders, and we walked.

Our first halting place was a large prosperous village, thirty li from Kao Yang; here we spent two hours at noon preaching and selling Gospels. What an interested crowd gathered round us!

We had decided that whilst on tour we would live like the Chinese—that is so far as food and lodgings were concerned—so after leaving this village we enquired where a suitable dwelling place for the night could be obtained; this we reached in the evening. After preparing our beds on the k'ang and having a welcome wash, we went out on to the street for a Meeting whilst the landlord of the inn made preparation for our evening meal. We were well received here, and many copies of the Gospel were sold, enabling the villagers themselves to examine the doctrine after we had passed on. The people welcomed us, but there were other occupants of the k'ang that seemed to resent our invasion, consequently we spent a restless night and were up early next morning, glad to be away.

At Fang Shun Ch'iao a village fair was in progress—what a splendid opportunity this gave us to tell the glad tidings. The actors kindly gave us permission to use the theatre stage for our platform; we had a crowd of a thousand people; what a picture all their upturned faces made! A few minutes ago they had been listening to the songs and jests of the actors, now they were drinking in the message of Salvation. In a very short time we had sold three hundred Gospels, and still the people clamored with outstretched hands for more.

Leaving this place we made for Wan Hsien, an old-world city. We arrived there

**Modern "Comrades of Courage" take Perilous Journey Over Mountains and Through Valleys, and carry God's Good News to China's Inland Villages. Sensational Riding, Hazardous Climbing, Frisky Insects and Some Resentful Natives, all add Thrills to Eventful Tour.**

**Contributed by CAPTAIN H. LITTLER**

tired but happy. What a peaceful city it is, and how old-fashioned! It is called the Phoenix City. Every evening at sundown, the bell in the town is beaten, and the ring of the bell at eventide is supposed to be the call of the Phoenix.

The following day was market day. We were out early on the streets preaching to the large crowds of people; over two hundred copies of the Gospels were sold. One wonders where all these books go. The people who bought them came from all directions to the city, so you can picture the Gospels being carried to the little village homes, the contents being slowly read and under-

be able to work for God, so he made it a matter of prayer and promised if God saw fit to grant his petition then the boy would be completely dedicated to the Lord's service. Our friend's prayer was answered, a son was given to him, his delight knew no bounds. He named the infant boy John! We could not help but be impressed by this story, and as we looked at John, who was pulling the barrow, we wondered what his future would be. He was given in answer to prayer, dedicated to God from his birth, and trained as far as his father was able to do so for the Master's service. May he indeed become an apostle to his own people!

On arriving at the village there were no mules to be obtained, so we sat in a wayside tea-shop trying to form other plans for crossing the mountains. It is wonderful how the Lord does help us and open up the way; as we were waiting a man with three mules came past, they were loaded with salt, and bound for the very place we wished to reach, seventy li distant. The man was willing to unload the cargo of salt, leave it with friends,

and take us to Shen An. It did not take us long to pack our luggage on the mules and go. The sensation of riding on the top of all your luggage on a mule's back resembles a ride on a camel; to stay on is no mean feat, seeing that you are without stirrups; but it was an interesting ride, for as we journeyed the mountains became higher, the passes steeper, and the valleys narrower. We passed many convoys of mules—all bound for Shansi. These, with the tinkle of the mule bells, the whistling of birds, and the occasional shouts of the drivers, all gave extra interest to the journey.

After traveling for some time we came to a little hamlet of six houses; here we halted to proclaim the news of Salvation to those six families, also to rest the mules, and to refresh ourselves.

The approach to Shen An is picturesque; we slowly climbed up the pass, followed a narrow path round the face of a cliff, and saw our destination far below us in the valley, nestling in a grove of trees, a broad river flowing in front of the village, and a towering mountain forming a background. Rain had fallen, so the narrow streets were streams; we could not hold any Open-Air Meetings. The inn was the usual style of Chinese inn, but had only one vacant k'ang in the public room; we were too tired to bother about this, however, and went to sleep surrounded by admiring villagers! We were not allowed to sleep long, the insects were too frisky.

(Continued on page 11)



In China, when a baby girl comes into the home of poor parents, the child is often sold to those who would rear her to a life of shame. The girls in this group have been purchased by The Salvation Army and thus saved from such a horrible life.

stood. Who can foresee the outcome? There is a small Christian Church in Wan Hsien, led by a Chinese pastor, who received us warmly; we were glad of the opportunity to conduct a Meeting in the Hall and we pray that the little band of Christians there will be strengthened by our visit.

Up to this point we had traveled over level ground, but now our journey through the mountains commenced. Mules could not be hired in the city, so a man who had been a Christian for twenty years offered to take all our baggage on his wheelbarrow to a village at the foot of the hills, where animals could be secured. So once more we set out on our journey. Our Christian friend was helped by his son, who pulled the barrow by means of a rope, whilst his father did the wheeling. Whilst walking we had some interesting conversation. This man, although only a poor country man, had a great faith in God. He told us that after his conversion he desired a son, who would

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# THE ARMY'S DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

## THE GENERAL

is Acclaimed by Tens of Thousands of Salvationists from all parts of Great Britain  
Huge Reception in Crystal Palace, London—Triumphant March Past—Scout and Guard Review

(From the British "War Cry")

"THE General has served God and man in the Salvation Army for more than fifty of the sixty years of its activity." That putting of the fact upon the printed program for the day was the underlying thought in the minds of those responsible for the detail of the Reception which was given to The Army's Leader in the great Central Transept of the Palace.

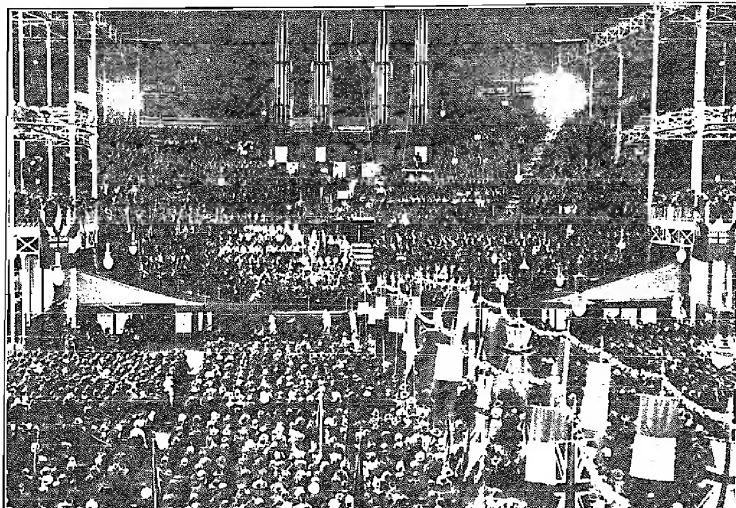
The gathering was preluded by a Grand Procession, comprising very nearly thirty contingents, which formed up in the gardens an hour or more beforehand.

Very striking indeed was the contrast afforded by the juvenile alertness of the body of Life-Saving Scouts who heralded the Procession, and the staid-warrior Commissioners, some of them grey and grizzled, who brought up the rear.

Between these, amongst others were to be noted the Nottingham I. Band, closely identified with the Founder's birthplace, "boys" in khaki and in blue, representatives of the various Field and Social activities, Young People's Bands and Guards galore, Flags flying and furled, and the General himself, hale and hearty, and only returned twelve hours before from a strenuous campaign in Denmark.

Long and long was the applause of welcome offered him as once safely landed upon the platform he waved his greeting to the crowd, who seemed to fill every available comfortable—in many cases uncomfortable—space.

All were glad to see him. Of course they were—of that there could be no lingering doubt. He was equally glad to see and to be amongst his people on this rejoicing day. Of course he was! His face proclaimed the fact, his voice announced it. He was proud of The



Gigantic Reception to the General in the Central Transept of the Palace

Army; he was proud of his people; he was proud of this day! And his people, all of them, were proud of him.

Then the assembly sang—to themselves, to one another, to the General, and he sang to them the glad news which ever gladdens every Salvation Soldier's heart—"All round the world the Lord is saving souls."

Following prayer, offered by Colonel McMillan, a Scripture-reading, and the song, "Keep the old Flag flying," by the Young People (a striking, though probably unintentional, assurance as to the unchanging character of The Army's aim and message), Commissioner Hurren (the British Commissioner) voiced the gratitude of the assembled host for God's providence, for the example of the Founders, and for that of the General and Mrs. Booth.

The General's own address was more than a message to those gathered at that hour and in

that place; it was rather a message to The Army, to his people everywhere.

Happily the loud-speaker made his words heard not only over the mighty floor space, but in those weird, cage-like galleries hung, as some one said, "half-way between earth and Heaven," making the vast Transept for the nonce an "auditorium" indeed in the true sense of the word.

There were moments of thrill in that Meeting, moments when voices "caught," when tears started in the eye, when hearts palpitated as they were moved alternately by sentiments of wonder, love and praise.

**THE MARCH PAST**  
Such terms as "A Grand Review" or "The March Past" seem inadequate to describe the affectionate salutation which took place on the Lower

Terrace toward evening. Beneath the military precision and formal mode of greeting there lay an affinity between the General and his troops such as few other holders of that title have known.

Long before the scheduled time crowds lined the route of march, their interest quickened by occasional glimpses of costumed contingents hurrying toward the rendezvous and by the waving of far-off banners. Within a few moments of the General's arrival at the saluting base the distant strains of music were heard and down the narrow corridor between the crowds came the International Staff Band in sober dress and with that even, leisurely tread which is so suggestive of latent power. It led one of the most remarkable Army marches of recent years, continuing without break for fully seventy-five minutes and containing representatives of every section of activity.

From the reviewing stand the line of procession could be seen stretching far into the distance, where it was lost in a confusion of moving flags and banners, and coiling back along the top terrace and into the Palace, the steps of which grew more crowded every moment as the troops in the rear steadily advanced.

With cheek thrown back and face aglow the General thus acknowledged the greeting of his army.

When the last contingent had passed by a woman in the ranks exclaimed:

"It makes me feel I want to do more and more for God!" Had the General heard her how delighted he would have been, for that was the chief end of the Great March Past, that itself should be belittled by the accomplishments it inspired. There is always a greater in The Army!

The open-air is The Army's cathedral, with the strains of a hundred Bands for organ-choirs—the first work of praise that it could conceive; and its great glory lay in the knowledge that on the morrow each of these proud warriors would be at grips with the enemy of men's souls, some of them after a night on the main, many of them in places where the people could not believe in. The big, no matter how much described.



The General, Commissioner Hurren and Staff inspecting the Life-Saving Guards



## ATIONS

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March 28

## The Family Circle

To assist in the promotion of  
Christian fellowship at the evan-  
geling family circle, we suggest the  
use of the Bible portions and com-  
ments here given.  
Any converted member of the  
family should audibly read the por-  
tions after the meal is finished and  
before the members disperse for  
the pursuits of the evening.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 2nd, PROVERBS  
23:10-13. "HE THAT COVERETH  
HIS SINS SHALL NOT PROSPER."

No truth has been more thoroughly  
proved by experience, yet the enemy  
of souls still succeeds in persuading  
the sinner that by covering his sin he  
stands a chance of escaping its con-  
sequences. As well hope to stay the  
ravages of some deadly disease, by  
skillfully covering the visible signs of  
its presence. Why not take the only  
sure way of escape? Confess; for-  
sake; and find mercy!

MONDAY, 3rd, PROVERBS 28:19-28.  
"A FAITHFUL MAN SHALL  
ABOUND WITH BLESSINGS."

He will be blessed by the effect of  
his faithfulness on his own character  
and ability, on his peace of mind and  
self-respect. He will be blessed by  
its effect on his work. Faithful work  
is as gratifying to the doer as it is  
acceptable to those for whom it is  
done. He will be blessed by its ef-  
fect on others, winning for him their  
confidence and respect and increased  
influence over them.

TUESDAY, 4th, PROVERBS 29:1-9.  
"A MAN THAT FLATTERETH . . .  
SPREADETH A NET."

"Whoso to me my faults revealeth,  
And not a blemish e'er concealeth.  
My friend I deem,  
Though hostile he may seem.  
But he who flatters, and who never  
gives me rebuke, but praiseth over—  
My foe is he.  
Friend though he seems to be."

WEDNESDAY, 5th, EZRA 1:1-11.  
"THE LORD STIRRETH UP THE  
SPIRIT OF CYRUS."

The Lord's people had long been in  
captivity. Poor, despised, downtrodden,  
they had neither the means nor  
the spirit to attempt their own de-  
liverance. So God undertook their  
cause, moving the very monarch who  
held them in bondage not only to set  
them free, but to provide the means  
for their return to their own land,  
Babylonia! He still commands de-  
liverance for His people.

THURSDAY, 6th, EZRA 3:1-7. "A  
FREEWILL OFFERING UNTO THE  
LORD."

In gratitude to God for their de-  
liverance the Jews brought Him their  
offerings. God is well-pleased today  
when we bring Him of our substance;  
but what He most desires is the liv-  
ing sacrifice of ourselves, our time,  
our talents to His service.  
"Lord, I make a full surrender.  
And I have yielded to Thee my soul.  
For Thy love, so great and tender,  
Asks the gift of me."

FRIDAY, 7th, EZRA 3:8-13. "MANY  
WEPT WITH A LOUD VOICE;  
AND MANY SHOUTED ALONG FOR  
JOY."

With very mixed feelings the Jews  
had the foundations of the new  
Temple. Those who remembered the  
former buildings, destroyed as a re-  
sult of their backslidings, wept as  
they realized how much they had lost  
beyond recall. We cannot recall or  
alter the past, but we can take warn-  
ing by our failings and try to make  
the best of our present opportunities.

SATURDAY, 8th, EZRA 4:1-6. "YE  
HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH US."

Zerubbabel saw that, in spite of  
their fair speeches, the real intention  
of these people was to hinder rather  
than aid his work. Hence his stand-  
fast refusal to make any alliance  
with them. Let us follow his good  
example in this to-day, making no  
compact with those who would lead  
us astray, however fair their words  
may seem.

## What Is Holiness?

## No. 8—CROSSING THE LINE

INSTRUCTIVE  
SERIES

by  
**Mrs.  
Booth**

Some of the mountains of indefiniteness which  
hinder the entry of many souls into the Promised  
Land, spring up from lack of understanding as to  
what Holiness is.

Let me make it quite plain that all are not  
eligible as seekers after Holiness. Those whose  
sins are unrepented of, unconfessed, and unfor-  
given, cannot seek after Holiness; they cannot set  
out for the Promised Land until this burden of un-  
forgiven sin is removed from their shoulders.

Those who can commit sin  
without deep contrition, those  
who willingly harbor sin in the  
heart, aware that they wrong  
God and man, cannot seek Holiness. They are condemned, un-  
reprieved; the death sentence  
hangs over them.

The passionate hope in the  
hearts of the enslaved Israelites  
was not so much to enter into a  
Promised Land as to escape from  
the cruel yoke of bondage and  
sweated labor; and the passion-  
ate hope of the sinner, who is  
awakened to feel his guilt, is  
for forgiveness and for release  
from the devil's bondage.

Do you understand that be-  
fore you can set out for the Holy  
Land you must come out of the  
land of bondage, and put your-  
self under the direction of God  
to take the way He indicates,  
and constantly seek His guid-  
ance in the spirit of the Psalm-  
ist, who prayed, "Cause me to  
know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up  
my soul unto Thee" (Psalm 143:8)?

The work of sanctification is begun in the soul  
at conversion. Unless the converted soul, through  
disobedience to the Holy Spirit, backslides, and  
enters again into condemnation, progress towards  
the Land of Promise (Holiness in this life), should  
be made all the time. But the entry into the Land  
of Promise will be just as definite and joyful an  
act as was the escape from the land of bondage.  
The Founder said, "The line which separates a  
state of entire from a state of partial Holiness may  
be approached very gradually, but there is a mo-  
ment when it is crossed."

How is it with you, my Comrade? Has your  
walk since your conversion been a real progress?  
Have you victory every step of the way increas-  
ingly? Have you an increasing hatred of sin, and a  
growing desire to awaken sinners to their danger  
and rescue them from sin? Do you desire more than  
anything else that the power of sin shall be destroyed  
in your heart? What hinders you, then, from mak-

LAST WEEK I spoke  
of the mountains of  
difficulty thrown up  
by the enemy of souls and  
by the soul itself, which bar  
the entry into the Promised  
Land, and I said that one of  
these mountain groups  
might be called the range  
of indefiniteness.

ing a definite entry now into the Promised Land?

At conversion, the Holy Spirit reveals the hate-  
fulness of sin, and begins that work of grace which  
we call conviction of sin and leads the soul, in true  
repentance, to the Saviour's feet.

It is God's purpose, through the Holy Spirit, to  
continue that revelation of sin until the redeemed  
soul sees the exceeding sinfulness of sin and is led  
to cry out, as Isaiah cried, "Woe is me, for I am  
undone" (Isaiah 6:5).

Before Isaiah was wholly sanctified and deliver-  
ed from inward sin he had delivered many a power-  
ful message from God to the people. Without fear  
of man though still unsanctified himself he had  
rebuked sins, his lips had prophesied of Christ's  
Kingdom, and he had even uttered that prophecy  
which reaches still into an unborn future, "They  
shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their  
spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up  
sword against nation, neither shall they learn war  
any more" (Isaiah 2:4).

In working for God and be-  
coming God's messenger to sin-  
ners before he had experienced  
the entire transformation of his  
nature, which we speak of as the  
Blessing of a Clean Heart, Isaiah  
was fulfilling God's will, and  
living by the light that was his;  
for God requires all who are  
saved at once to work in His  
vineyard. Because he was obed-  
ient then the Holy Spirit's work  
of revelation was continued un-  
brokenly until he became fully  
aware to his state of sinfulness.  
Then there came the day when  
he was brought into such a  
sudden agony of conviction that  
he cried out, "Woe is me! for I  
am undone; because I am a man  
of unclean lips, and I dwell in  
the midst of a people of unclean  
lips; for mine eyes have seen the  
King, the Lord of hosts" (Isa.  
6:5).

The vision of a Sinless King  
had become daily clearer to Isaiah ever since he  
set out to serve God, and this vision led him to a  
more adequate perception of the hatefulness of sin.  
The power of sin, the unfitness of the soul touched  
by sin to enter into the presence of the Lord—all  
this he saw more truly than before. Then, owing to  
the Holy Spirit's unrestrained working in his heart,  
he, the redeemed servant of the Lord, he who had  
helped, warned, and encouraged others, was again  
led in deep contrition to the Father. As soon as the  
gateway of his soul was thrown wide open that a  
further blessed work of cleansing might be done  
within, the assurance of sanctification was given to  
him—"Thine iniquity is taken away and thy sin  
purged" (Isaiah 6:7).

There are many Comrades in uniform, many  
useful and sincere Soldiers, who—while they have  
God's approval up to a point because their work is  
done according to the light that is theirs—have not  
yet received the sanctifying touch that shall make  
them wholly clean. I believe that many will claim  
and receive the Blessing during the coming weeks.

## IF

—Jesus Christ can save from  
some sin—why not from all  
sin?

—Satan can make a perfect  
sinner, surely God can make a  
perfect saint.

—Jesus cannot save from  
all sin NOW, how can He  
save from Hell by and by?

—The Precious Blood of  
Christ cannot cleanse the heart,  
why should it be thought that  
there is any purifying power in  
Death?

## TWO ARMY-BUILDERS

**Captain and Mrs. Brewer Conclude Successful Three Years' Work. Imposing Hall and Quarters are Monumental to Their Efforts.**

THREE years was the extent of Captain and Mrs. Brewer's stay at Ridgetown and, judging from what was accomplished, that period entailed a prodigious amount of work for the Officers in charge.

No sooner had the Captain arrived in town than he determined that, if at all possible, The Army should boast of something more imposing for Hall and Quarters than the unsightly place which met his eyes. To desire was to act. He searched about for a likely location.

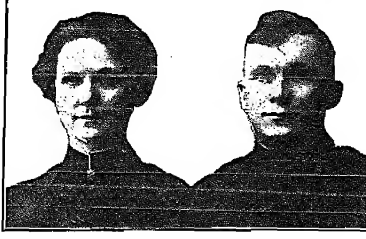
Directly opposite the old building which was being used as a Hall was situated a large lot, having on it only an old barn. The appearance was not in the least inviting, and, to a less keen man than Captain Brewer, it would have offered nothing in the way of possibility. On investigation, however, the barn was found to be in fairly good repair and, following an inspection by the Field and Property Secretaries, arrangements were made for the purchase of both the lot and the building.

The Captain undertook personally to wreck the barn, and he also sorted the lumber and commenced on the task of erecting a Citadel. He did most all the work of a carpentering and painting nature. No doubt it must have been a source of no little gratification to the Captain and his co-laboring Comrades, when the

last stroke of the brush and hammer left them in possession of a splendid new plant in which to carry on their work for God and The Army.

But, not content with what was already a noteworthy accomplishment, the Captain renewed building operations, and this time to the extent of a substantial Quarters for the Officers, consisting of six rooms, a bath, and a full-sized basement. The picture reproduced on this page is more eloquent than any words we may write as to the extent and success of the Captain's undertaking.

In addition to this, Captain Brewer



CAPTAIN AND MRS. ARTHUR BREWER

has introduced a Band composed of young ladies who play with surprising skill. Mrs. Brewer organized a flourishing Home League, which organization has rendered great assistance in furnishing the Quarters.

The Army now commands added prestige in Ridgetown because of Captain Brewer's labors, and he has left the town with the affection of the Comrades of the Corps and the profound respect of the townsfolk. In three years a proverbial "hard go" was transformed into a real live concern.

### WALLACEBURG

Ensign Stokes, Lieutenant Johnson. The welcome services to our Officers were of great blessing. On Friday night a welcome tea was enjoyed, after which a service was held and attended by a large crowd. We have recently had increases in our Corps Cadet Brigade as well as the Band.

## WHERE THE SUN NEVER GOES DOWN

Sister Mrs. J. Dow, Parrsboro, Passes Away.

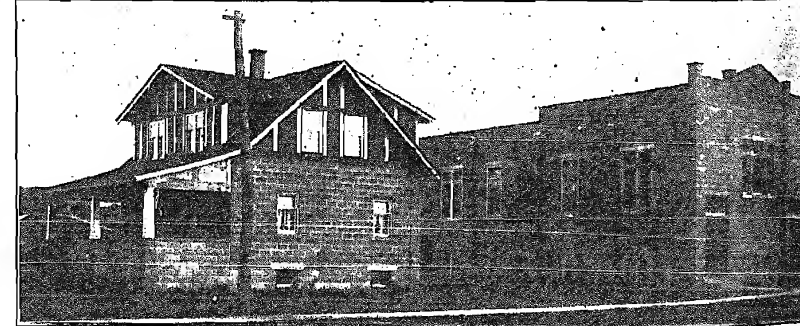
THE Death Angel has recently claimed one of our best known Soldiers in the person of Sister Mrs. Dow, who for the past sixteen years was a true child of Christ and Soldier of The Salvation Army. Although, for some three years, she was unable to be present at the Meetings, her life in her home was always bright and happy. When visited by the Officers a short time before her death, she said all was well with her soul. The funeral was conducted by Captain London assisted by Cadet Adams. A Memorial Service was conducted the following Sunday night.

We are bearing to God in prayer the dear bereaved ones who are left. May they all some day reach that Land where the sun never goes down.

### MOUNT FOREST

Captain Buntan, Lieutenant Evenden. We have recently said good-bye to Captain Evenden and Lieutenant Tidman. During their stay with us encouraging advances have been made. A fine spirit is abroad in the Corps and God has blessed us mightily.

We have welcomed our Officers and at their first Meeting a bright, interesting time was experienced. The week-end services were also full of interest, and God came very near. One young woman was deeply under conviction; the Soldiers are working and praying hard for the Salvation of souls.



The Officers' Quarters and Army Hall, Ridgetown, built by Captain Brewer.

### PRESCOTT

Captain Court

Captain Miller has farewelled. During his stay in Prescott she was a very definite means of much blessing to many.

### SOMERSET

Ensign Froud

Lieutenant Newdick has farewelled. Her stay of one year's duration, was one of blessing and help and we pray that God will bless her in her new appointment.

## PASSING INCOGNITO

**Being a Few Timely Tips for Salvationists Privileged to Enjoy a Vacation. Christians Should be Careful What They Do—Incognito.**

"He looked this way and that way . . . and there was no man" (Exodus 2:12).

FOR public men occasionally to lose their identity to the world is exceedingly relaxing and beneficial for them.

The Prince of Wales wants a holiday, so he travels to Scotland and lives—incognito. A great journalist desires to observe conditions in Germany, so he visits the land—incognito. The keen-eyed detective is anxious to see and not be seen, so he moves amongst the people—incognito. To us Salvationists there is relief in getting into a district where we are not known for a brief holiday, and we do so—incognito.

It would, perhaps, be comforting to entirely lose one's identity, if that were possible, but it is not so. Moses, the adopted son of the luxurious Egyptian court, almost delirious in the religious awe with which the royal house was regarded, was walking one day—incognito. He had left the neighborhood of the palace and was out amongst his own people who knew him not, and brooded over the ironical mystery of his unique situation. In the course of his walk in the desert he chanced upon a little tableau that might have been arranged for his own special benefit. Had it been labelled "Egypt and Israel—Heathendom dominates over the True God," its lesson could not have been more potent. An Egyptian taskmaster, himself a victim of the cruel system devised by a self-seeking Pharaoh, chastised a Hebrew slave because his tale of bricks was short. Moses watched the scene with fast-heating heart and twitching hands—and remembered that he was incognito.

"He looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man," he killed the Egyptian, buried him in the sand, and returned to the palace, only to discover on the morrow that although he had "looked

and ridiculous, he cannot accomplish the impossible. The "ego"—"I" is always with us; whether we dress him in Army uniform or in tweeds and a Panama, he is present. It would be good for some of us to understand more clearly the importance of "I."

As Salvationists ours should be the viewpoint which Jesus took, that this wonderful life-companion called "I" is a person who sees all that we do, remembers all that we do or say, bears upon himself the marks of all that we even think, and is literally injured by our wrong thoughts and actions, and made stronger by our right living.

Shall we not remember this during the holidays, when uniform is at home in the drawer, a walking-stick takes the place of the old Eilat, the cornet, or the trombone, a stroll by the sea is substituted for Songster practice, a magazine for the Cardridge Book on Friday night?

The seaside holiday has subtle temptations. Release from humdrum routine, the sense of comparative ease regarding money after the piling of a year, the ingenuity of those who profit by this very forgetfulness, the idle hours, the atmosphere of gaiety created by a combination of foaming sea, smiling sky, bright dresses, and holiday unconventionality all combine to tempt the servant of the Most High God to forget the standards of his every-day life.

Whether we believe it or not, the lowering of our standard for one week at a spot a hundred miles from home entails a literal reduction of our service-efficiency throughout the year. Once let that life companion "I" learn that you serve God better when people who know you are about than when you are amongst entire strangers, and he will not let many days pass without whispering in your ear in some way or other, "With ex-service as non-pleasers . . ." His gift will always be with you, and never more so than on those occasions when you feel most anxious to serve God. Moses tried to shut a quarrel, knowing in his heart the then unwritten heathenism, and found the deed of yesterday was his only obstacle.

this way and that way," he felt sure his deed was known, and the knowledge led him to flee into the back side of the desert. So will our misdeeds cause us to do, and more, when thinking no man knows us, we forget our reputation as Salvationists.

A writer of some fame has just published a book in which he describes the struggles of a brilliant city editor to escape from himself. He is obsessed by his personality, but try as he does, by means pathetic

If the holiday season means for us a temporary cessation of active fighting, we can serve in the real sense just the same.

Our aim as Salvationists is to live in the attitude of the song:  
At home, abroad, by night, by day,  
Christ for me!

so that "I," who is always with us and God who is always watching us, will be pleased and strengthened in purpose by the things we do—incognito.

Sunday, February 1st, 1925—Leicester. A great day. Nine hundred Bandmen of these parts in Council. The appearance and feel of the men shows improvement on last year. They have a manly look of the future. The proportion of young men up to twenty-six was greater than usual and is really significant both of present advance in the Corps represented, and of strength for the future.

The singing was uplifting, even inspiring at some moments, and we sang away. "All earth forgot and a around us." Deep and moving and holy stirred many hearts. Some wept, some aloud, some fell down before the Lord.

I raised up high the standards of piety and service, at one moment claims of Jesus Christ for a wholehearted trust, and at another His plea for work the lost. I was helped to present the new heathen peoples as well as the want spiritually starving all about us at home, ed me to see these great rough, of nature, subdued before our Lord and it at such moments as these one sees man humanity at its best.

Not the bright stars which Heaven's adorn,  
Nor rising stars that gild the vernal morn  
Shine with such lustre as the tear that  
Down Virtue's manly cheek for others'.

We had a glorious finish to the night. McMillan (Colonel and C.S.) and Boes (Bernard Booth) greatly helped Mr. V. (Lieut. Colonel, Switzerland) and (Major, South America) spoke briefly. "Thou Lord hast made me glad through Thy will triumph in the work of Thy hands."

Monday, 2nd—Left Leicester at 7. Smith. Dees to see us off, he going on a Y.P. Inspecting Tour with his Secretary on the train and worked after. I.H.Q. 10.20. Interesting letters today (Commissioner) Japan.

We have not always gained our object as the conquest of souls is conquering. I feel it would be a reflection. Himself if I sought to belittle the work done in this country in men's souls and in the year.

We have seen some remarkable work and the fact that our new temporary Hall out Tokio and Yokohama have increased accommodation more than 100 per cent. The buildings are always filled with ex-servants sincerely seeking souls, has been of no small encouragement to us. Sontor (Lieut. Colonel) Lagos, Hurte

### WEST TORONTO

Commandant and Mrs. Galway. The hearty welcome extended to Commandant and Mrs. Galway on taking charge has been followed by a ready and willing co-operation from all branches of the Corps in pushing on the Salvation War. Meetings have been well attended, spiritual influences have been very marked, and ones and twos at the mercy-seat are as drop-pings before the shower which faith sees coming. The Young People's outing to Glendon Park was a splendid success, and reflected the greatest credit upon the Workers who devoted themselves with tireless zeal to giving the Young People a happy and helpful day. Home League Secretary Mrs. Smith was welcomed home on Sunday, after a visit to the Old Land, as was also Sister Mrs. Johnson.

A surprise party, made up by the Band-men, Songsters and Soldiers of West Toronto Corps, visited the home of Lieut. Colonel Perry on Saturday, to congratulate him upon his birthday. Commandant Galway paid warm tribute to the Colonel's association with the Corps, and prayed that continued good health and opportunities for service might be vouchsafed to both the Colonel and Mrs. Perry for many years. Headed by the Band, a march to the Hall was then arranged, where ice cream and cake were served and the jubilation closed in time for the Open-Air.

### TIMMINS

Adjutant and Mrs. Crowe, Lieutenant Allen

Our new Officers have been welcomed. Their initial Meetings were well attended, and two backsliders returned to the Fold. The Band and Songsters rendered good service. South Precupine and Schumacher have been visited with good results.



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which Jesus took, that  
ul life-companion called  
on who sees all that we  
ers all that we do or say,  
himself the marks of sin  
in him. and is literally  
our wrong thoughts and  
made stronger by our

not remember this dur-  
days, when uniform is at  
drawer, a walking-stick  
of the old Edal, the  
the trombone, a stroll by  
substituted for Songster  
magazine for the Car-  
on Friday night?

le holiday has subtle  
Release from humdrum  
sense of comparative  
ing money after the par-  
r, the incognito of those  
by this very forgottab-  
e hours, the atmosphere  
eated by a combination  
sen, smiling sky, bright  
holiday unconventional-  
line to tempt the servant  
High God to forget the  
his every-day life.

ve believe it or not, the  
our standard for one  
got a hundred miles from  
a literal reduction of  
efficiency throughout the  
let that life companion  
at you serve God better  
who know you are about  
you are amongst entire  
and he will not let many  
without whispering in  
some way or other, "With  
men-pleasers..." His  
ways he with you, and  
so than on these occa-  
sions, you feel most anxious  
and, Moses tried to settle  
knowing in his heart the  
ten beatitude, and found  
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August 1st, 1925

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I raised on high the standards of Army experience and service, at one moment urging the claims of Jesus-Christ for a wholehearted love and trust, and at another His plea for workers among the lost. I was helped to present the needs of the heathen peoples as well as the wants of the spiritually starving all about us at home. It touched me to see these great rough, often hard natures, subdued before our Lord and Saviour. It is at such moments as these one sees our common humanity at its best.

Not the bright stars which Heaven's blue arch adorn,  
Nor rising stars that gild the vernal morn,  
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows  
Down Virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.

We had a glorious finish to the night Session. McMillan (Colonel and C.S.) and Bees (Brigadier Bernard Booth) greatly helped me. Von Tavel (Lieut.-Colonel, Switzerland) and d. Almond (Major, South America) spoke briefly and well. "Thou Lord hast made me glad through Thy work; I will triumph in the work of Thy hands."

**Monday, 2nd.**—Left Leicester at 7.51 with Smith. Bees to see us off, he going on a ten days Y.P. Inspecting Tour with his Secretary. Breakfast on the train and worked after.

L.H.Q. 10.20. Interesting letters to-day. Eddie (Commissioner) Japan.

We have not always gained our objective in so far as the conquest of souls is concerned. Nevertheless I feel it would be a reflection upon God himself if I sought to belittle the work He has done in this country in men's souls and lives during the year.

We have seen many remarkable conversions, and the fact that our new temporary Halls throughout Tokyo and Yokohama have increased our accommodation more than 100 per cent., and that the buildings are always filled with eager and apparently sincerely seeking souls, has been a matter of no small encouragement to us.

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have been very marked, and ones and  
twos at the mercy-seat are as drop-  
pings before the shower which faith  
see coming. The Young People's  
outing to Eldorado Park was a splen-  
did success, and reflected the great-  
est credit upon the Workers who de-  
voted themselves with tireless zeal to  
giving the Young People a happy and  
helpful day. Home League Secretary  
Mrs. Smith was welcomed home on  
Sunday, after a visit to the Old Lamil,  
as was also Sister Mrs. Johnson.

A surprise group, made up by the  
Bandsmen, Songsters and Soldiers of  
West Toronto Corps, visited the home  
of Lieut.-Colonel Perry on Saturday,  
to congratulate him upon his birthday.

Commandant Galway paid warm tri-  
bute to the Colonel's association with  
the Corps, and prayed that continued  
good health and opportunities for ser-  
vice might be vouchsafed to both the  
Colonel and Mrs. Perry for many  
years. Healed by the Band, a march  
to the Hall was then arranged, where  
ice cream and cake were served and  
the jubilation closed in time for the  
Open-Air.

**TIMMINS**  
Adjutant and Mrs. Crowe, Lieutenant  
Allen

Our new Officers have been wel-  
comed. Their initial Meetings were  
well attended, and two schools were re-  
turned to the Fold. The Band and  
Songsters rendered good service.  
South Porcupine and Schunacher  
have been visited with good results.

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## THE WAR CRY

## EXTRACTS FROM

## The General's Journal

(ARRANGED BY LIEUT.-COLONEL H. L. TAYLOR)

Musicians with a Manly Look—Japanese Coolie's Conquests—  
Congratulatory of an Old Londoner—Much Thanksgiving—  
Passing of a Staunch Friend

missioner, Chancellor) on Memorial Fund efforts.  
- Eleven o'clock Conference on Emigration—  
Chief, Mapp (Commissioner), Lamb (Commission-  
er), Cunningham (Colonel J.), Difficulties of and  
difficulties with Governments.—Later, Gordon,  
Hurron, and Chief on Scott's (Sir G. G.) plans for  
Memorial Building.

F. arrived from Middlesbrough, after a useful  
day, very tired.

**Tuesday, 3rd.**—Disturbed night. F. to Tun-  
bridge Wells at 10.45 for Meeting. Worked at  
home to-day. Smith, 12.20 to 1.30. Struggling  
with many things. Very tired by small blunders  
of small people!

Letter from Eddie contains the following which  
illustrates what is going on in Japan.

Here is a story of one of last year's Converts—  
a coolie, i.e., a laboring man. He came to Christ,  
seeking for him in one of our Meetings. He found  
Him and Salvation, and in his testimony on New  
Year's Day he said he was opposed by the man  
over him and persecuted by all at his work, but  
he held on, persevered, and now, since August last,  
the man over him had been saved, and eleven  
others have also found Christ in the place where  
he works. It is a simple story, but it is, neverthe-  
less, a remarkable one, and when one remembers  
that such a man had no knowledge or training in  
our faith, it is, though so simple, the more won-  
derful—even miraculous.

**Wednesday, 4th.**—To L.H.Q. with F., she on to  
the Quarter Sessions at Newington for Magisterial  
duty.

More interesting letters: one from Bourne-  
mouth (thinking me for some words in "The War  
Cry") says also:

I have been reading last week's "War Cry,"  
and I thought I must drop the General a line of  
congratulation on the splendid record of real soul-  
winning work for God therein recorded. I am a  
seventy-three-year-old outsider, but I always have  
admired "the out-and-out" self-sacrificing work of  
the Army, and as an old Londoner I saw something  
of it and your dear father from the very beginning.

Phillips (Lieut.-Colonel), Winnipeg, going to  
our Alaska Indians to train some of them as Offi-  
cers. Hogard (Commissioner), New Zealand.  
Dawson (Rev. F. J.), appealing for help to fight

Some thought about to-morrow's Meetings.

**Friday, 6th.**—Yesterday (Thursday) Clapton,  
with the Officers of the Social Work in the United  
Kingdom, men and women. A happy, and, I think,  
influential day. Much thanksgiving. Some deep  
and careful study of certain aspects of the work.  
Playle (Colonel) took leave on retirement, in the  
afternoon Meeting in a very moving address, con-  
taining a glorious testimony to the mighty power  
of Christ in his own experience.

At night, F. very good. Chief also.

Interviews during the intervals. Reflecting on  
what has been done, I feel that the Social Work  
of the Army is the most delicately and effectively  
organized work of its kind the world has ever  
seen. And, thank God, we are not merely work-  
ing on what is temporary and perishable, but  
striving to restore the soul, "the temple not made  
with hands" which cleansed and sanctified can  
be built up from the ruins of the past.

To-day (Friday), at 9.15 to L.H.Q. Many letters.  
Arnold White dead. He was a staunch and true  
friend. He had no care for religion, and yet he  
somehow reminded me of Jesus Christ's words,  
"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."  
He spoke out for us at a critical time. Wrote a  
clever little book about the Social Work called  
"The Great Idea," and remained a steadfast per-  
sonal as well as Army friend to the end.

In his last letter to me, he said:

Nothing struck me more in my intercourse with  
the Founder and your Officers than the statesman-  
like wisdom with which they and you looked for a  
remedy for the unrest of the world elsewhere than  
in material things.

Several other interviews, and home early, do-  
ing some work.

Pleased to receive a copy of "Reflections of Ex-  
periences d'un Saliniste" from Paris. Good. Quite  
a considerable book and chiefly relating to the  
spiritual life and testimony of our dear old com-  
rade the late Brigadier Peyron (father of Lieut.-  
Commissioner Peyron) who was very closely as-  
sociated with The Army in France in its early  
years.

(To be continued)

## "A CUP OF COLD WATER"

THE DUSTY ROADS OF HUMAN LIFE ARE CROWDED  
WITH MEN AND WOMEN WHO ANXIOUSLY AWAIT  
THE PASSING OF THE CUP

(See Frontispiece)

"Whosoever shall give to  
drink unto one of these  
little ones A CUP OF COLD  
WATER only in the name of  
a disciple, verily I say unto  
you, he shall in no wise lose  
his reward"—Matt. 10:42.

**I**N UTTERING these words  
the Saviour undoubtedly  
meant to teach that hum-  
ble service rendered to  
humble people is worthy of  
Divine recognition.

The gift mentioned, a cup  
of cold water, entails no cost  
save the trouble of securing  
and dispensing it. The  
recipient is "one of these  
little ones." The meaning  
here is not necessarily chil-  
dren, but rather the text  
refers to people despised,  
"little" in the sight of the  
world.

How marvellous is the kind-  
ness of God! He makes note  
of small mercies which we  
lavish upon our unfortunate  
fellow men. He calls not only  
upon the wealthy to give to  
charity, but He also calls upon  
the poorest of us to give even

though we can afford no more  
than the worth of a cup of  
cold water.

Our frontispiece this week  
pictures a Salvationist minis-  
tering to an aged woman. All  
about us on the dusty roads  
of human life there are count-  
less men, women, boys and  
girls who are suffering for the  
want of just such a kindly  
touch.

There are the despondent.  
Pass to them the cup of  
cheer.

There are the hungry. Pass  
to them the cup of nourish-  
ment.

There are the broken in  
heart. Pass to them the cup  
of healing.

There are the sinning. Pass  
to them the cup of Salvation.  
Reader, will you enlist in  
this blessed Army of cup-  
bearers? The world thirsts.  
But, there is a crystal River  
that flows 'neath the Throne  
of God, and its waters bring  
life to all shores. Get out  
your cup, drink yourself, and  
forget not the parched souls  
about you.

the drink in Fiji Islands.  
Foreign Service Coun-  
cils, Larsson, and de-  
cided on his return (to  
South America) and  
promised him some help.  
In him we have a brave  
man facing a very diffi-  
cult position.

Von Tavel, on his ap-  
pointment to be Chief  
Secretary in Switzerland.  
Almond, Buenos Ayres;  
expressed my pleasure at  
their work and promoted  
them.

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sociated with The Army in France in its early  
years.

(To be continued)

## CHAPLEAU

Captain Blake, Lieutenant Pinkney,  
Lieutenant Tilley.

We recently welcomed into our  
midst Lieutenant Tilley, who has been  
sent to assist in the work. Sister G.  
Stewart and Brother Canfield, of  
Sault Ste. Marie were also welcomed.  
A profitable day was spent on Sunday  
and one surrendered. During the  
Officers' visitation they had the joy  
of leading one to the Cross.

## OAKVILLE

Captain and Mrs. Ellis

Captain Mills is leading us on in  
the absence of our Officers, who are  
on furlough. Our little Band of a  
dozen players is rendering valuable  
service by visiting the neighboring  
districts and holding Open-Air ser-  
vices. These Open-Airs are made  
possible by the use of Bandsman  
Harndy's car.

## DIGBY

Ensign Mosher

We recently had with us Envoy  
Mills from Halifax. The Envoy's  
message on Saturday night was a  
help and blessing and we had the joy  
of seeing four seekers at the peniten-  
tial. The Meetings all day Sunday  
will long be remembered. A good  
crowd turned out for the Salvation  
Meeting at night and a blessed time  
was experienced.

## WESTVILLE

Captain Beaumont, Lieutenant  
Chandler

A united service was held this week  
at Westville. We started off with a  
good march and Open-Air Meeting.  
Ensign Millard, of Stellarton, was in  
charge of the indoor Meeting, assist-  
ed by several Officers of the Pictou  
County. We had the joy of seeing  
three young women give their hearts  
to God.

# The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN  
The Salvation Army

Founders-  
WILLIAM BOOTH

General-  
BRAMWELL TAYLOR

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
LONDON, ENGLAND

Territorial Commander-  
Commissioner CHARLES SOWTON  
James and Albert Streets, Toronto

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada East, Newfoundland and Bermuda, by The Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

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All Editorial Communications should be addressed to the Editor.

THE lust for pleasure-seeking and unsuitable attire is becoming increasingly apparent in the world at large, and, sad to say, it has even assailed and gained a footing in the sacred precincts of the House of God. Now the mark of the Christian is "separateness from the world," and particularly has this standard been upheld in The Salvation Army. We venture to think the Army's success has been largely due to the measure of its abandonment of the world with its pumps and fading joys, and we know that its future success can only be in so far as that "separateness" is maintained.

The preservation of The Army from this enemy is in the hands of the individual Soldier and each must act as a sentinel ready to give the alarm and frustrate its first inroads. We are followers of Christ, and He who "had not where to lay His head," and who lived in poverty that He might minister to others, can scarcely be imagined as conforming to the world in what for want of a better term we call "dressiness." We would not draw a picture of Him with golden rings upon His fingers, neither would we paint Him as wearing elaborate raiment. Such adornments may appeal and give satisfaction to those who know Him not, and who have not heard the cry of the poor and needy as He did, but for Him, and for those who follow closely they are impossible!

CHRIST never despised little things. The poor widow's coppers were estimated by Him as worth more than many large offerings of rich men. "She hath cast in more than they all." Her two mites were not worth much to Caesar or to Caiaphas, but Christ had need of them. The emperor could afford to reward the man that added a new province to the Empire. The King of kings does not fail to reward him who gives "a cup of cold water." Moreover, He made conquests with His "little ones" that Caesar could not make with his legions. What he did. He still does. The lowly Salvation Army Hall, built by the peace of the poor, may witness a greater work than a temple that is the pride and boast of a city. The shepherd boy with only a sling was more than a match for the enemy who had terrified all Israel. He trusted himself in God's hands, and God used him.

## NEWFOUNDLAND CONGRESS

"A FLOODTIDE EVENT"—EIGHTY-TWO SEEKERS

[By Wire]

St. John's, Nfld., July 21, 1925.

The "War Cry",  
Toronto, Ont.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S Thirty-eighth Congress, and fourth conducted by Commissioner Sowton, proved a flood-tide event despite unusual heat wave. Great audiences assembled; intense, spiritual influences prevailed and eighty-two seekers for either Holiness or Salvation were registered.

The event was an impressive demonstration of The Army's strength. Complexion of St. John's was transformed by sunny countenances of the fully-uniformed delegates, some of whom traveled five days to attend Congress.

The Sub-Territory is making God-glorifying advance in its Soldiers' Roll, educational facilities, ringing Salvationism and liquidation of property liabilities, under their highly esteemed and energetic leaders, Colonel and Mrs. Cloud, who are now in the third year of their command. Full Congress report to appear in next issue.

BRAMWELL TAYLOR, Brigadier.

## OUR LEADER IN SYDNEY

Rousing Public Meeting Results in Two Seekers—Much-relished Council with Officers—Spirit of Optimism now Invading Strike Area.

EN ROUTE to the Newfoundland Congress the Commissioner, accompanied by the Editor, visited Sydney, Cape Breton, for a few hours, and the energetic Divisional Commander, with our Leader's approval, "commandeered" this spare time. He announced that a special public Meeting would be held at Sydney Mines at 3 p.m. on Thursday, and as a result a splendid audience, surprising in size because of the extreme heat prevailing, greeted the visitors.

It was inspiring to a degree to hear the local Bandsmen enlivening the neighborhood with their music as a special cheer-up. Their play-

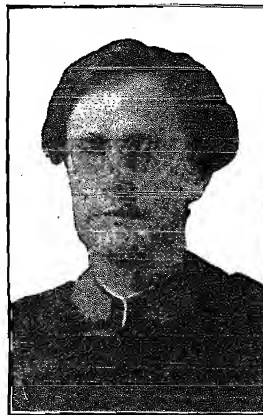
Four young Officers, who were in training the same year, formed a very effective quartet, and Lieutenant Cobbett, of Florence Corps, soloed. The Commissioner then made urgent appeal for decisions and two adult seekers responded.

Following the public Meeting the Commissioner took tea with the Officers, after which he conducted



STAFF-CAPTAIN H. RITCHIE,  
in Command of Sydney Division

ing also proved a splendid announcement prior to the big indoor event. The Meeting got away to a rousing start with Staff-Captain Ritchie at the helm. They can surely sing at Sydney, and the joy of the Salvationists there finds very definite vocal expression. After the Commissioner had given a stimulating account of what is being accomplished under our glorious banner in various parts of the Territory, Brigadier Taylor addressed the gathering.



MRS. STAFF-CAPT. RITCHIE

a helpful Council. Such a privilege rarely comes to our warriors of Cape Breton, so they really relished the moments thus spent. This gathering had to be brought to a sharp conclusion so that the visitors could rush to the boat which left for Newfoundland at 8 p.m.

A wave of optimism is now spreading over Nova Scotia. It is anticipated that within a very short time the mines and steel works will once more be in full operation, and that this dark period, streaked as it has been with suffering of a very acute character, will come to an end.

As in all times of distress The Salvation Army has put in magnificent service. Not only have our people freely dispensed practical relief, but they have also been to the front in speaking the word of cheer and comfort in visitation.

## The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Powley

Lead Three Blessed Services with Scouts at Jackson's Point

MONDAY morning last found the Scouts at Jackson's Point breaking camp, and each of them homeward bound to face either work or school for another year. It is not likely that they will forget their memorable holiday at "The Point." The fun, the games, the escapades, and, in no less a degree, the profitable seasons of instruction in Scoutcraft, and the worth-while explorations into the realms of bird- and flowerland, will likely be frequently recalled during the long months that must expire before holiday-time comes again. But should they forget all the aforementioned, we are confident that it will be a considerable time before the memory of the fault three services, conducted by the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Powley especially in their spiritual interests, shall have left them.

Their march to the grove, headed by an exclusively Scout Band, under Deputy Bandmaster Ben Smith, of Peterboro, was of such a nature as to inspire. Their swing was martial, their appearance extremely smart, and their spirits happy though touched with a reverence that befitted the day.

Obviously there was a sincere desire on the part of those participating in these gatherings to help the boys, and especially did the Chief Secretary abandon himself to this endeavor. The Colonel's talks were gripping, and the vocal efforts of both himself and Mrs. Powley counted effectively in the achieving of results.

The afternoon was in the hands of the Scouts themselves, and their program was of a high order, featured by vocal and instrumental items of unquestionable merit, and by the presence in the capacity of chairman of Colonel Morehen, Territorial Young People's Secretary and friend of all the young. The Colonel also graced the Scout tea-table and gave the lads such a spley talk as he can give. They appreciated this, too, as their lusty cheers indicated.

The night Meeting was a hallowed session and the Holy Spirit moved many young hearts to decision. The air was exclusively that of a Sabbath evening. To the passer-by the camp would appear "dead" and uninviting. In reality it was alive and happily so with influences that really uplift—an atmosphere that was quite free from such hilarity as the surrounding country harbored, but that found its joy in its worship of Him who instituted the Sabbath. Adjutant Porter, under whose care the boys have been camping, spoke with effect, and the Chief Secretary's final appeal of the day was a convincing message of freedom from besetting sin. The Prayer Meeting period revealed a line of blue and red-ed forms seeking Christ at the mercy-seat, with Colonel Morehen directing tenderly and helpfully. Some there were whose contrition found expression in tears, while that of others of more stoical nature was revealed by determined countenances, but both augured well for the future consequent upon their decisions.

In addition to Colonel and Mrs. Powley, Colonel Abby and Ensign Jones soloed, and Mrs. Major Knight spoke in the morning session.

## SIXTY R

Written by The

Sixty years of Holy War!  
Sixty years of Seeking after  
Sixty years of Loving souls.  
Sixty years of Fishing for men  
Sixty years of Catching them  
Sixty years of Healing the  
hearted.

Sixty years of Salvation.  
Sixty years of Walking in the  
Sixty years of holding up the  
Sixty years of Witnessing for  
Christ.

Sixty years of Faith in God  
Sixty years of Forgiveness of  
Sixty years of Prodigals  
Home.

Sixty years of Forgiveness of  
Sixty years of Making Home  
Home.

Sixty years of Watching by the  
of Hell.

Sixty years of Waiting at the  
of Heaven.

Sixty years of Helping the  
ed to enter.

Sixty years of Pulling Men  
Fire.

Sixty years of Holiness unto  
Sixty years of Praise.

Sixty years of Power.  
Sixty years of Pentecost.

Sixty years of Resisting the  
Sixty years of Hating him a  
lies.

Sixty years of Fighting the  
Sixty years of Delivering the  
ard.

Sixty years of Seeking the Lo  
Sixty years of Bringing the  
sliders home.

Sixty years of Love for the  
Sixty years of showing Mer  
Sixty years of Pity for the  
Sixty years of Lending to the

The Chief Secretary is programmed to conduct a Missionary Meeting on Monday, August 10th, in the Dovercourt Citadel, when Captain and Mrs. Sparkes, and Captain Frances Hawkes, who are taking appointments in India, will farwell. It is anticipated that a large gathering will be present to bid God-speed to our departing Commanders.

It is expected that the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Powley will visit Hantsville, Bracebridge, Gravenhurst, Parry Sound and Bala sometime in August. Definite dates will be announced later.

Lieutenant Owen Sharp has been appointed to assist Staff-Captain H. Ritchie at the Port of Quebec in connection with the Immigration Department.



# SIXTY REFLECTIONS ON SIXTY YEARS

Written by The General Commemorating The Army's Diamond Jubilee

Sixty years of Holy War!  
Sixty years of Seeking after God.  
Sixty years of Loving souls.  
Sixty years of Fishing for men.  
Sixty years of Catching them.  
Sixty years of Healing the broken-hearted.  
Sixty years of Salvation.  
Sixty years of Walking in the Light.  
Sixty years of holding up the Cross.  
Sixty years of Witnessing for Jesus Christ.  
Sixty years of Faith in God.  
Sixty years of Forgiveness of Sin.  
Sixty years of Prodigals coming Home.  
Sixty years of Forgiveness of Injuries.  
Sixty years of Making Home sweet Home.  
Sixty years of Watching by the Gates of Hell.  
Sixty years of Waiting at the Gates of Heaven.  
Sixty years of Helping the Redeemed to enter.  
Sixty years of Pulling Men out of the Fire.  
Sixty years of Holiness unto the Lord.  
Sixty years of Praise.  
Sixty years of Power.  
Sixty years of Pentecost.  
Sixty years of Resisting the Devil.  
Sixty years of Hating him and all his lies.  
Sixty years of Fighting the Drink.  
Sixty years of Delivering the Drunkard.  
Sixty years of Seeking the Lost Sheep.  
Sixty years of Bringing the Backsliders home.  
Sixty years of Love for the loveless.  
Sixty years of showing Mercy.  
Sixty years of Pity for the Poor.  
Sixty years of Lending to the Lord.

Let earth and Heaven agree, Angels and men be joined,  
To celebrate with me the Saviour of mankind;  
To adore the all-atoning Lamb, and bless the sound of  
Jesus' Name.

Let us praise and glorify the living God for  
His manifold wonders wrought in our history—  
His marvellous works in our midst.



THE GENERAL, who is now in his seventieth year, is here seen at a Review of Salvation Forces

Sixty years of Sheltering the Homeless.  
Sixty years of Attack on Iniquity.  
Sixty years of Despising the World.  
Sixty years of the Ministry of Woman.  
Sixty years of Caring for the Magdalene.  
Sixty years of Showing up Unrighteousness.  
Sixty years of the Fountain that is open in the House of David for all uncleanness.  
Sixty years of proclaiming the Lamb that was Slain.  
Sixty years of the Blood that cleanses from all evil.  
Sixty years of the New Song.  
Sixty years of Heavenly Music.  
Sixty years of Peace that passeth understanding.  
Sixty years of the Bible, and  
Sixty years of Confidence in the Word of God.  
Sixty years of Making The Army—and only just begun.  
Sixty years of Loving The Army—and going to love it more.  
Sixty years of Giving.  
Sixty years of Begging.  
Sixty years of Believing in a real Devil.  
Sixty years of Fighting him and taking the prey from his jaws.  
Sixty years of Plundering his store-houses.  
Sixty years of Proving that "the Promises of God are sure."  
Sixty years of His unchanging Faithfulness.  
Sixty years of Joy unspeakable.  
Sixty years of Glory.  
Sixty years of Jesus and Him Crucified—the same yesterday, and today, and for ever.  
Sixty years of Hallelujahs.

And so again I say—Praise ye the Lord.

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## Territorial Tersities

Mr. John Roberts, Foreman of The Salvation Army Pressroom, is at present in the Western States, where he is enjoying a well-earned holiday.

Major George Smith, of Winnipeg, who is in Toronto on special business, was programmed to conduct Meetings at the Temple Corps on Sunday, July 26th.

Colonel Cousins, Young People's and Candidates' Secretary for the Western United States Territory, paid a recent visit to the Territorial Headquarters. The Colonel, who is visiting friends in Toronto and Whiteby, was formerly an Officer in this Territory.

The youngest child of Commandant and Mrs. Harry Walker, of the Newcomer's Inn, has undergone a very

serious operation in the Bloor Street Hospital. The girl, we are pleased to state, is now making satisfactory progress. Prayers are requested on the child's behalf.

Ensign Squarebriggs, of Kitchener, has been successful in obtaining permission to hold Meetings in the local Jail. He will also visit the Police Court and render aid to any deserving cases.

Ensign Ryckman, Ottawa Children's Home, is appointed to the Ottawa Hospital. Other changes are: Captain Wilson, Hamilton Rescue Home to Montreal Hospital; Lieutenant Pearson, London Hospital to Toronto Girls' Receiving Home; Lieutenant Reynolds, London Hospital to Hamilton Rescue Home.

The Dovercourt Senior Band and Songsters recently delighted the inmates of the Home for incurables with a program of music. The Band is scheduled to visit Woodstock for the week-end of August 1st and 2nd.

Adjutant Lindsay has been transferred from Halifax to Toronto to take up duties under the direction of Brigadier Southall. She is succeeded at "Scotia Lodge," Halifax, by Brother and Sister Hes who have recently arrived in Canada from England.

That many of the immigrants who come to Canada under our auspices later become enthusiastic Salvationists is a well-known fact, therefore, it was very gratifying to Brigadier Pinchen when, on a recent occasion at the close of a Meeting, three Bandsmen were introduced to him as youths who were working on farms near the city, and who were loyally giving of their spare time as Bandsmen.

## Let us Sing Wonderful Love

Tune—"Wonderful, wonderful love,"  
293, Song Book, 272.  
Jesus came down my ransom to be,  
Oh! it was wonderful love!  
For out of the Father's heart He came.  
To die for me on a cross of shame.  
To set me free He took the blame.  
Oh! it was wonderful love!

### CHORUS

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love,  
Coming to me from heaven above,  
Filling me, thrilling me through and through.

Oh! it was wonderful love!

Clear to faith's vision the cross reveals

Beautiful actions of love;  
And all that by grace I may be  
When saved, to serve Him eternally.  
He came, He died, for you and me.  
Oh! it was wonderful love!

His death's a claim. His love has a plea.

Oh! it is wonderful love!  
Ungrateful was I to slight Thy call.

But, Lord, now I come, before Thee  
I give myself, I give up all.

All for Thy wonderful love.



COMMANDANT SMITH, Peterboro, and his three sons—Deputy-Bandmaster Ben, and Bandsmen Bernard and Bramwell

### For Vocal Soloists

FEW THINGS have more power to reach the heart and move the souls of men than a well-rendered vocal solo. It is also the supreme test of a performer's musical ability and talent; consequently careful preparation is indispensable.

If you are a soloist never fail to study your theme. Get to know what it is you have to express for you must remember that a piece of music is not merely a lot of notes put on paper to be sung anyhow. Music is an art, something which affects emotions and sensibilities. Before you can hope to interpret it correctly you must take your copy and give it close consideration in order to find all the subtle meanings of the various passages.

Your rendering will very largely depend upon your character, knowledge, refinement, spirituality, and feeling. So that if you would be a good soloist, be gentle, wise, thoughtful, Christlike, for how can any one express what one does not feel?

### Methodic Breathing

FOR the correct rendition of any song, methodic breathing is essential. Breath must not be taken in a place that would cause a break in a musical phrase, or separate notes that are related by the musical sense.

It is important, of course, not to take breath where a break would occur in a word of two or more syllables, or so as to separate words that the sense requires should be connected. Some of our comrades have found it useful to mark a comma on the music where breath should be taken. This simple plan is advocated—adopt any method so long as the end in view is reached.

# This PAGE

~For Members of our  
Musical Fraternity~

## TOURING THE VILLAGES

SHERBROOKE BAND TRAVELS THREE HUNDRED MILES  
AND BLESSES RURAL DISTRICTS WITH MUSIC AND SONG

LEAVING the Sherbrooke Citadel one bright Monday, the Band traveled in one of the big busses owned by Mr. Hemond, of Danville, and was soon playing to a fine crowd in Windsor Mills. This was just a brief stop en route, so that we were soon speeding towards Richmond, where dinner awaited us. During the afternoon an Open Air program was rendered, and in the evening the Town Hall was the scene of the first Musical Festival of the tour. To say that it was enjoyed is putting it very mildly, and when all was over very hearty invitations to "come again" were heard on every hand. We slept in the billets so generously provided

the rendezvous for everybody from miles around.

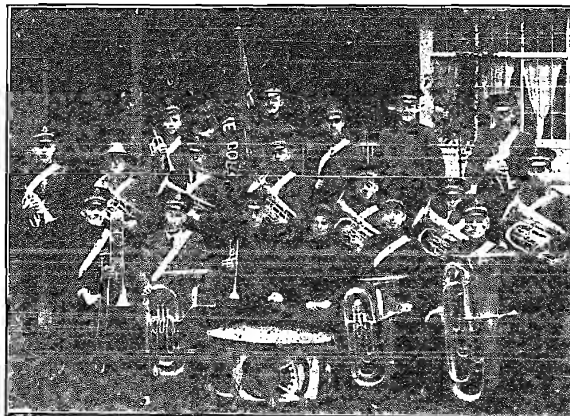
Six engagements in two days, plus one or two extras of a strenuous nature, sent the boys to their beds quite tired. It speaks well for the comfort of the billets that all were up and ready at an early hour for another heavy day; but the best laid plans of mice and men "gang aft agley." An unfortunate delay on the road when the big bus splintered and splashed up the hill and finally came to a stop, allowed the party to arrive in Sherbrooke only just in time to see the end of the Dominion Day parade, in which the men were hurrying to take part.

Dinner next, and then away to Stanstead, where an afternoon program was given. Rock Island Opera House was the scene of the night festival. The Stanstead Journal, commenting on this affair said, "The Band numbers were well given and the vocal chorus work of the whole organization was of a high order. The entire service was an inspiration."

The next place was Cookshire where, soon after arrival, the whole party sat down to tea at Mrs. Bennett's. Such a well laden table and such hospitality we have rarely enjoyed, and the Rev. Mr. Buckland was a leading spirit in it all. Here again followed a repetition of the other places, homes thrown gladly open for billets and, following the night festival, a most enthusiastic invitation to "come again."

The next run was a long one, that is to Waterloo, and we arrived with just time enough for a brief program in the centre of the town before dinner. After dinner we set off to the home of Mrs. Harley Purdy, and by special invitation played to the farmers there gathered for a Field Day. From there we hastened to Granby, where the last Musical of the tour was given from the bandstand in front of the Town Hall. A great crowd listened with rapt attention to the music rendered and showed their genuine appreciation in no uncertain way.

(Continued foot of col. 4)



THE SHERBROOKE BAND. Captain and Mrs. Bell, Corps Officers, are seen in the front row, centre.



### FAVORITE HYMNS—NO. 15

## "A Mighty Fortress is Our God"

THERE is a sense in which Luther's great hymn, "A mighty fortress is our God," is like Charles Wesley's hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." They were both written by men who had suffered much at the hands of enemies, and they both point to divine aid as the Christian's refuge. Martin Luther was born in Eisleben, Germany, in 1483. His father was a miner, and young Martin early knew poverty. Even as a child he was passionately fond of music, and sang from door to door in his native town. He attended the university at Erfurt, and became an Augustinian monk.

Not many years before Luther's revolt printing had been invented, and books were beginning to be circulated in the language of the common people. In 1524 the first hymn book was printed at Wittenberg—a book with eight hymns, four of them by Luther. Since that day the Germans have produced several really great hymn-writers, but undoubtedly the greatest of all their hymns is this one of Luther's. Luther himself wrote thirty-six hymns, but none of the others reached the same high standard. The hymn has been made all the more popular by the very fine, dignified tune to which it is sung.

The hymn itself is based on Psalm 46, and was composed about the year 1528. According to one authority it was written when Luther and those associated with him delivered their protest at the Diet of Spire, from which the word and the meaning of the word, "Protestant," are derived. None knew better than Luther the strength of the forces arrayed against him, and in spite of his naturally courageous bearing, there were times when he suffered great depression and underwent much mental agony. He doubtfully it was when he was in some such mood that Luther wrote his magnificent hymn. Its influence was immediately felt and as Amos B. Wall points out, it became for the Reformation what the French hymn, "La Marseillaise," became to France. It became in later years the national hymn of Germany. It was one of the watchwords of the Reformation, cheering armies as they marched to battle for their faith, and sustaining others in the hours of their trials. Luther himself found great comfort in it. There were times when it seemed to Luther that the cause of Protestantism was lost, but in such moments he would turn to his friend and say, "Come, Philip, let us sing the 10th Psalm."

The homeward trip started at 11 p.m. Friday, and because of another mishap, the party did not arrive at Sherbrooke until 7 a.m. Saturday. Later in the day a tasty tea was prepared to which the Band League members were invited, and at 5 p.m. a very happy and contented crowd sat down to do justice to the good things. One more program was given, commencing at 8 p.m. in our own Citadel. A fine crowd assembled, and as the evening progressed surprise was expressed at the remarkable progress of the Band. Staff-Captain Owen, of the Divisional Headquarters, accompanied the Band.

—W. Hall, Treasurer



### International Memorial

Statue of the late President  
Harding to be unveiled  
Vancouver

AN INTERNATIONAL MEMORIAL, which in many ways is unique, will be unveiled in Vancouver on September 17th next, to commemorate the centenary of President Warren G. Harding, to Canadian soil in July 1923.

The memorial will take place at the International Convention of the Kiwanis Clubs, under whose auspices the statue is being erected. The statue was first ordered by the Kiwanis Club of Vancouver, and the subscription list was opened in the United States, with the result that the \$25,000 was soon over-subscribed. The United States Clubs insisted that the entire expense, the statue and the Canadian Club's share, be paid to them.

The memorial will be a gift to the city of Vancouver, and will be placed in the United States. The statue is to be made in Canada by the artist, Mr. J. W. S. Smith, of Vancouver. The statue will be the work of the way south after a long and arduous journey. The statue will be a gift to the city of Vancouver, and will be placed in the United States. The statue is to be made in Canada by the artist, Mr. J. W. S. Smith, of Vancouver. The statue will be the work of the way south after a long and arduous journey.

The memorial will stand as a monument to the exact spot in the city where President Harding was born. When he delivered his speech, he flanked by gigantic Douglas firs, and a great providing of a statue, which is the work of the artist, Mr. J. W. S. Smith, of Vancouver. The statue will be a gift to the city of Vancouver, and will be placed in the United States. The statue is to be made in Canada by the artist, Mr. J. W. S. Smith, of Vancouver. The statue will be the work of the way south after a long and arduous journey.

### Glacier Eggs

MOUNTAINEERS returning from the West report that they have discovered a very unusual phenomenon, were discovered by a party of scientists exploring cracks of Paradise Glacier, on Rainier. These curious things lying in small nests like hollow five to eight together. They are pebbles, about the size of pullets, and nearly spherical. Seven of the nests were located and the pebbles were collected for various museums. The glacier eggs occur on glaciers in the Alps, but have not been encountered on any continental glaciers.





# VORITE HYMNS—NO. 15

## A Mighty Fortress is Our God

HERE is a sense in which Luther's great hymn, "A mighty fortress is our God," is like Charles Wesley's hymn, "Jesus Lover of My Soul." They were both written by men who had suffered much at the hands of enemies, and they both praise the Christian's savior, Martin Luther was born in Eisleben, Germany, in 1483. His father was a carpenter, and young Martin knew early on. Even as a child he was passionately fond of music, and sang from door to door in his native town. He attended the university at Erfurt, became an Augustinian monk at many years before Luther's printing had been invented, and he was beginning to be circulated in the language of the common people. The first hymn book was printed at Wittenberg—a book with 400 hymns, four of them by Luther. Since that day the Germans have produced several really great hymn-writers, but undoubtedly the greatest of all their hymns is this one of Luther's. Luther wrote thirty-six hymns, but only six of the others reached the standard. The hymn has been all the more popular by the very dignified tone to which it is sung. The hymn itself is based on Psalm 46 and was composed about the year 1527. According to one authority it was written when Luther and those associated with him delivered their last sermon at the Diet of Speyer, from which the word and the meaning of the word, "Protestant," are derived. Luther knew better than Luther the length of the forces arrayed against him, and in spite of his naturally courageous bearing, there were times when he suffered great depression and even much mental agony. He was literally it was when he was in such a mood that Luther wrote his magnificent hymn. Its influence was immediately felt and as Amos R. Wells says, it became for the Reformation what the French hymn, "La Marseillaise," became to France. It is no later hymn, the national hymn of Germany. It was one of the watchwords of the Reformation, cheering armies as they marched to battle for their faith, and sustaining others in the hours of their trials. Luther himself found great comfort in it. There were times when it seemed to Luther that the cause of Protestantism was lost, but in such moments he would turn to his friend St. Anthony and say, "Come, Philip let us sing the 46th Psalm."

The homeward trip started at 11 p.m. Friday, and because of another mishap, the party did not arrive at Sherbrooke until 1 a.m. Saturday. Later in the day a tasty tea was prepared to which the Band League Members were invited, and at 6 p.m. a very happy and contented crowd sat down to do justice to the good things. One more program was given, commencing at 8 p.m. in our own Citadel. A fine crowd assembled and as the evening progressed surprise was expressed at the remarkable progress of the Band. Staff-Captain Owen of the Divisional Headquarters, accompanied the Band.

—W. Hall, Treasurer.



## International Memorial

Statue of the late President Harding to be Unveiled in Vancouver

**A**N INTERNATIONAL MEMORIAL which in many ways is unique will be unveiled in Vancouver on September 17th next to perpetuate the remembrance of the late President Warren G. Harding's visit to Canadian soil in July 1923.

The unveiling will take place after the International Convention of Kiwanis Clubs, under whose auspices the memorial is being erected. Although the statue was first ordered to be built by a committee acting on the initiative of the Kiwanis Club of Vancouver, the subscription list was open to clubs in the United States as well, with the result that the objective of \$55,000 was soon overreached and the United States Clubs insisted that they bear the entire expense, the amount subscribed by the Canadian Clubs being returned to them.

The memorial will mark an event of which history offers no duplicate—that of a United States President making an address on Canadian soil during his term of office. President Harding visited Vancouver for a few days on his way south after visiting Mexico in July, 1923, and was given a most cordial reception. His address, in which he made an eloquent plea for continued friendship between the English-speaking peoples, and particularly between Canada and the United States, was listened to by more than 20,000 people.

The memorial will stand within a few feet of the exact spot in Stanley Park where President Harding stood when he delivered his speech. It will be flanked by gigantic Douglas fir trees, the forest providing a striking and awe-inspiring background. The statue itself, which is the work of Carlo Marzaga, an Italian sculptor now resident in Vancouver, is being erected from a design submitted to the International Kiwanis Headquarters in Chicago, and which was selected as the best of the group of eighty designs submitted by sculptors all over the continent. The statue will be ready to set in place about the middle of August, and it is hoped to have President Coolidge officiate at the unveiling in the following month.

## Glacier Eggs

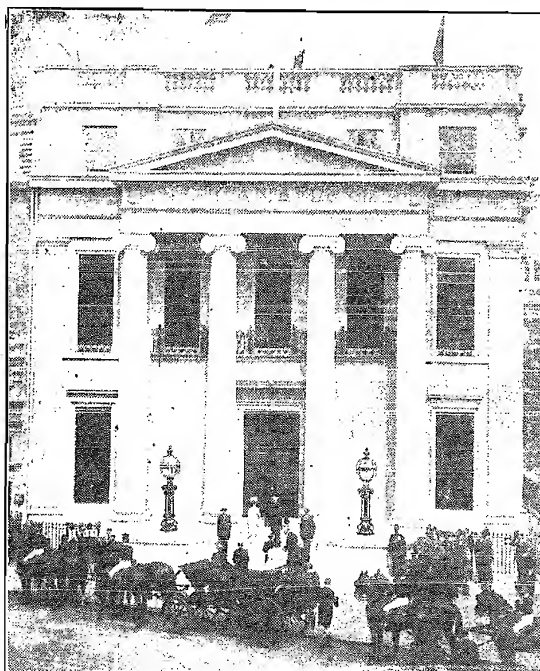
**M**OUNTAINEERS returning from the West report that glacier eggs, a very uncommon formation, were discovered by a party of scientists exploring the ice cracks of Paradise Glacier, on Mount Rainier. These curious things were found in small nests like hollows, from five to eight together. They are stone pebbles, about the size of pullet eggs, worn perfectly smooth, white or pink, and nearly globular. Seven of the eggs were located and the pebbles collected for various museums. It is said the glacier eggs occur on some glaciers in the Alps, but hitherto, have not been encountered on American continental glaciers.

## CANADA'S NEW LONDON HEADQUARTERS

KING AND QUEEN PRESENT AT OPENING OF IMPOSING BUILDING IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

**T**HE recent opening of the new Canadian building in Trafalgar Square, London, England, by the King and Queen, marks a new epoch in the expression of Canada's status in the capital of the Empire. Mr. Larkin, the High Commissioner, has served his country well, and has conferred a benefit on London by the excellence of the site and the beauty of the building. It is known that in its High Commissioner Canada possesses a man of notable artistic taste, and he has been fortunate in his selection of an architect. Mr. Septimus Warwick, who has many architectural triumphs to his credit. The photograph which we reproduce will give our readers a good idea of the fine proportions of Canada House.

The ceremony, which marked the official opening, was most admirably arranged. Both the King and Queen showed their obvious pleasure in the simple but impressive ceremony, and His Majesty's speech clearly expressed his pleasant memories of Canada and the



His Majesty Unlocking the Bronze Doors of Canada's new Home in London, England

warm interest with which he follows the progress and development of the Dominion.

The acquisition of this commanding site in the most famous space in London enables Mr. Larkin to carry out the design which he determined on shortly after entering the office of High Commissioner. He desired that all the activities of the Canadian Government in London should be housed under one roof, and there are now brought together, in addition to his own High Commissioner's staff, the London staff of the Emigration Department, of the Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, and of the Department of Trade and Commerce.

The people of Canada have for some years been rather impatiently awaiting the consummation which has now been achieved. But the delay has been worth while, for Canada has now taken the position to which its size and population entitle it, and all Canadians who see their new official domicile will agree that this fine result was well worth waiting for.

## Pioneering in China

(Continued from page 3)

Traveling now became difficult, there were no mules; we had to walk, our luggage being carried by men from the village. We were forced, several times, to wade across a fairly wide river, which is no warm job at five in the morning.

Our road now was just a narrow track a foot wide; this led us up mountains on the edge of cliffs, and through rocky valleys; the mountains were now high and rugged, devoid of trees, simply bare rocks. At noon we came to a little village, where the people were afraid, and when tracts were offered to them they ran away from us.

We had now twenty-five li to go before reaching Tao Ma Kuan; the path was worse than ever, and between us and our objective was another high mountain range. It can be imagined how we felt when, on reaching the summit, we found in front of us a sheer drop of hundreds of feet into the valley; there was no visible means of descent and, to make matters worse it was nearly sundown, a strong wind was blowing, and the carriers said they had lost their way. We did find a way down, though it was not very safe, and great was our relief when we reached the bottom of the valley. Now we were soon at our journey's end, and were fortunate enough to find a clean inn, for which we were thankful, and, in a very short time, had settled down for the night after a good day's walk.

Tao Ma Kuan dates from 250 years before Christ. It was built by the Emperor Chin, and was an important gateway in the Great Wall of China. Remains of the Great Wall are visible, winding over the hills; the watch towers are in excellent condition, even after two thousand years. The town is surrounded by the Great Wall; there used to be a Yamen and a Mandarin, but the glory of Tao Ma Kuan has long since passed away. There still remains a custom house, because this is a main pass through the mountains to Shensi and Mongolia. It is interesting to see the long convoys of mules laden with varieties of merchandise, winding about the cobble street. The last foreigners to pass through this place were British Bounties, twenty-four years ago, at the time of the Boxer trouble. At our inn we saw a relic of their visit, a "bully beef" tin, now used as an incense burner before the "God of War"; the old innkeeper was proud of his "relics."

We stayed the week-end in Tao Ma Kuan, holding meetings and selling Gospels. Sunday morning we conducted a Meeting in the large room of the inn. How interested was the landlord, his sons, and neighbors; they had never heard such a doctrine before. In the cool of the evening we climbed up on to the Great Wall. Looking down into the village we could see the Lieutenant sitting at the door of the inn surrounded by a group of men; he was telling them the story of the prodigal son. Our feelings were stirred when we realized that this village was a busy place 250 years before Christ was born, but was only now, to our knowledge, hearing the story of His birth for the first time; it has taken two thousand years to get there.

We were reluctant to leave, but after two days' stay set out on our homeward journey, with the innkeeper's two sons acting as carriers. At a place called Nang Tzu Chen we stayed the night; after the Open-Air service we returned to the inn, the men and boys of the village following us, and about two hundred gathered in the courtyard. They asked us to play and sing to them; we told them to sit down on the ground, which they did, forming a large half circle. What a picture! No light but the stars above, and a flickering cotton wick in oil, and this big crowd of men listening for our message. It was a splendid opportunity, we made the most of it, and, until a late hour, Army songs and choruses sounded on the still night air; also words were spoken to them which we pray will be as seed fallen on good ground.

## NEWS FROM THE SUB-TERRITORY

## "EXCELSIOR" SESSION SENT FORTH

Thirty-one Cadets Commissioned and Dedicated for Service by Colonel Cloud.

A MOST interesting event took place in the St. John's I. Citadel on a recent Thursday night, when thirty-one young men and women of the "Excelsior" Session, after ten months of training, received their commissions as Officers in The Salvation Army.

That the citizens of St. John's were interested in this event was proven by the huge crowd that packed the building, many having to stand throughout the service.

The special features of the service were the singing of three songs composed by Colonel Cloud and Cadets Burden and Jones, respectively; also an interesting dialogue in three scenes, which depicted an Officer's arrival and reception at a new Corps. These items were loudly applauded.

The Colonel thanked the people most heartily for their presence, and assured them that it was a pleasing occasion to him as he felt that the commissioning of these young people would mean much to The Salvation Army in Newfoundland. He then called on Captain Butler, Side Officer for the Men's Training Garrison, who expressed his delight at having had the opportunity of associating with the Cadets during the past months. The Captain felt that he, himself, had been greatly helped and had received a larger vision of the possibilities of The Salvation Army in Newfoundland.

A statement referring to the work accomplished by the Cadets while in training was read by the General Secretary. The charges, delivered by Colonel Cloud, was very impressive, and one that will live in the memory of all present.

Ensign Bishop, the Chief Side Officer, was next called upon to speak, but before doing so received her promotion to the rank of Adjutant. The Adjutant spoke of the pleasure it had afforded her to help train the Cadets for Army service. The dedication which followed the commissioning was impressive indeed. The Cadets took hold of the streamers from the Flag and, as hands were raised, sang, "We're the whole realm of nature mine." Many were moved to tears. The prayers of the comrades and friends will follow these young Officers to their appointments.

## MEMORIAL DAY SERVICES

## Thirteen Converts at Night

Sunday, July 5th, was celebrated throughout Newfoundland as Memorial Day. Under the auspices of the G. W. V. A., the program at St. John's was splendidly carried out. The United Bands from the Nos. 1 and 2 Corps, together with The Salvation Army war veterans, and the three city Troops of Late-Saving Guards, marched from the parade grounds to the Adelaide Street Citadel, where a Memorial Service was conducted by Colonel Cloud. After the service a united parade took place, and services were conducted at the Sergeants' Memorial and the National Memorial.

His Excellency the Governor, after addressing the huge crowd present, unveiled a bronze tablet containing the names of Newfoundland's sons who laid down their lives during the Great War. The playing of the raised Salvation Army Bands was a special feature of this service.

At night, in St. John's I. Citadel, Colonel Cloud conducted a very impressive service, and in the Prayer Meeting thirteen seekers knelt at the mercy-seat.

## OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

## PROMOTIONS:

## To be Adjutant—

Ensign Mary Bishop.

## To be Pro-Captain—

Cadet Samuel Burden, Bildo.

Cadet William Bundell, Herring Neck.

Cadet Harrison Cooper, Phillip's Head.

Cadet Gordon Driscoll, Humbermouth.

Cadet Allan Greenham, Inglea.

Cadet Cecil Pretty, Britannia.

Cadet Obed Rideout, Carter's Cove.

Cadet Max Simmons, Bell Island.

Cadet James Thorne, Botwood.

Cadet Carrie Banfield, Black Island.

Cadet Florence Blackmore, Wellington.

Cadet Elsie Barry, Hare Bay.

Cadet Ethel Collins, Catalina.

Cadet Rosetta Ellsworth, Fortuna.

Cadet Elsie Hale, Lunenburg.

Cadet Hannah James, Grace Maternity Hospital.

Cadet Lilian Jones, Bonavista.

Cadet Muriel Littlejohn, Collier's Island.

Cadet Pearl Rideout, Charleston.

Cadet Winifred Saunders, Grace Maternity Hospital.

Cadet Esther West, Summerford.

Cadet Katharine Barter, Flat Island, P.B.

Cadet Ethel Barter, Grace Maternity Hospital.

## To be Pro-Lieutenant—

Cadet Charles Lash, Stanhope and Lewisporte.

Cadet David Legge, Deer Lake.

Cadet John Rideout, Metropole, St. John's.

Cadet Elitena Brown, Port de Grave.

Cadet Mabel Dawe, Hare Bay.

Cadet Alma Moore, Grace Maternity Hospital.

Cadet Nellie Reid, Hickman's Harbor.

Cadet Lizzie Banfield, Point Lemington.

CHARLES SOWTON,  
Commissioner.

Sub-Territorial Commander:  
**COL. THOMAS CLOUD**

Headquarters:  
SPRINGDALE ST.  
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

## LUSHES BIGHT

Adjutant and Mrs. Porter

Great times are being experienced in this Corps, and although many of the Conrades have farewelled and gone to the fishery, those who are remaining are putting up a splendid fight. Recently a man sought salvation in one of our Meetings.

## WESLEYVILLE

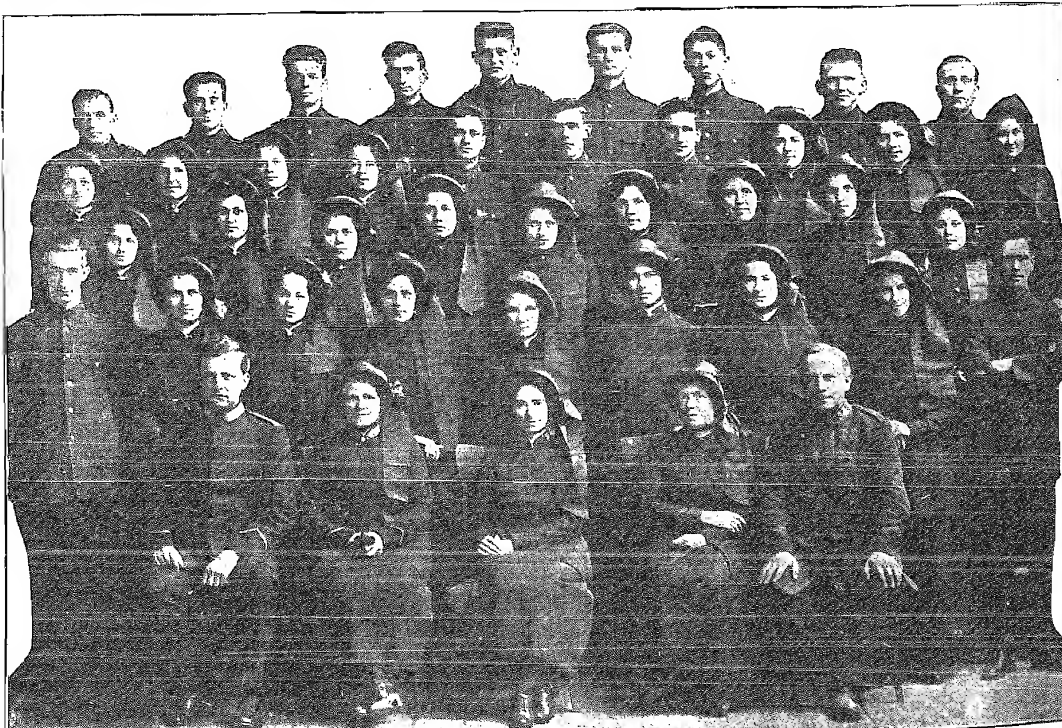
Ensign and Mrs. Hewitt

We have just had another enrolment of Soldiers (Junior and Senior) and, we are glad to relate, had the joy of seeing twenty-one seekers at the Cross and claiming forgiveness on a recent Sunday.

## FORTUNE

Adjutant and Mrs. Anthony

We have again been visited by the Death Angel, and Sister Mrs. Forsey, who was ill for only a week, has answered the Call. The Funeral Service was conducted by Adjutant Anthony, and was largely attended. Our prayers are with the bereaved.



THE "EXCELSIOR" SESSION OF CADETS recently commissioned in the St. John's Citadel by the Sub-Territorial Commander. Colonel and Mrs. Cloud, Major and Mrs. Tilley, and Adjutant Bishop (Chief Side Officer) are seen in the front row.

## From COL

TWO ASSISTANTS were soon commissioned to help the new Captain, one of whom was Lieutenant Bewley, brother to our present Chief Secretary. Those three young Officers were nothing if not zealous in their work, and in a brief period four other villages were involved, making in all seven centres of Soldiers' Roll numbered three hundred and twelve village Sergeants worked a command of the Officers. Among the of that time who later earned distinction their service was a railway clerk by the name of Spencer, now a Lieut.-Colonel in The Army.

Captain Olway was next appointed to Ham, Suffolk, and he again gave attention opening of four Outposts. It is of it know that at one of the Outposts the Major was a blacksmith who afterwards a Baptist Minister. His son, however, a date, after spending a profitable period at another Corps, entered the Garrison and eventually offered for service in the Hermit Kingdom. He is to-day Major of Korea, who recently married Elizabeth Olway, the Colonel's eldest daughter.

## Promoted to the Staff

Captain Harry was not allowed to receive an appointment. It seemed he had driven his "rent pegs" in one place before Orders were received to proceed to the field. In those days the ranking system in the Army was not so complex as at present. Officer might go to sleep a humble C in the field and awake in the morning a letter advising of his elevation to a higher rank.

Such a sudden flight from Field to Staff was one of the exhilarating experiences of his life. It was on December 30, 1885, promptly assumed the title of Staff-Captain, and he must have sensed that he was exploring, for they immediately set him to pioneer our Movement in the village, Eastern Counties. One opening per week the objective of this ambitious young soldier. As a duck takes to water he took to the new sphere of labor, his barn, coffee-piggy experiences now serving him well as difficulties popped up he treated them as pins and knocked them down again, and out Norfolk, Suffolk and Cambridgeshire ploughed filled, introducing the old method of new-departure religious organization.

## Assistant to Colonel Ridsdel

It can truly be stated that the Eastern Counties of England at this time were ablaze with Salvation flame, and like an onrushing fire spread from town to town. Thousands were "born again," and scores of young women became Officers. Brigadier Pine, Resident Secretary for Immigration, Mount one of the catues about this time.

In December of '87 the Staff-Captain pointed as A.D.C. to Colonel (now retired) Ridsdel in the Kent and Sussex. The term A.D.C. has now very largely passed out of Army terminology, but in those days well-defined position similar to Chancel's present day. Colonel Ridsdel was the prime and proved a decided fillip in the enthusiasm of his "second," John (now Lieut.-Colonel) was Divisional C of the Division at that time.

It happened that Brighton, Harry's birthplace, was in the Kent and Sussex. Now that so many years intervene, we will all right to whisper that the Staff and more than frequent visits to his home and preached to those who had known a grover boy. And, had we been his he should have done the same.

However, he was not long permitted to this appointment, and a telegram a job to this happy arrangement. It was in London. See Chief immediately orders followed and he was appointed Officer in charge of the eastern village command to conserve the work in battle-ground. The people in his command very poor and constant financial stress Divisional Exchequer at low ebb. From



be Adjutant—  
Mary Bishop.  
be Pro-Captain—  
Samuel Barlow, Bldg.  
William Blundell, Herring  
Harrison Cooper, Philip's  
Gordon Driscoll, Humber  
Allan Greenham, Inglea.  
Cecil Pretty, Brimona.  
Obad. Rideout, Carle's Cove.  
Max Simmons, Bell Island.  
James Thorne, Botwood.  
Currie Banfield, Black Island.  
Florence Blackmore, Welling.

Elsie Barry, Hare Bay.  
Elhel Collins, Catalina.  
Rosetta Ellsworth, Fortune.  
Elsie Hale, Lunenburg.  
Hannah James, Grace Mater-  
Hospital.  
Lilian Jones, Bonaville.  
Marjorie Littlejohn, Colles  
Pearl Rideout, Charleston.  
Winifred Summers, Grace Ma-  
ter Hospital.  
Esther West, Summerford.  
Katharine Butler, Flat Is-  
land, P.B.  
Elsie Barter, Grace Materly  
Hospital.

be Pro-Lieutenant—  
Charles Lush, Stanhope and  
Lewistown.  
David Leake, Deer Lake.  
John Rideout, Metropole, St.  
John's.  
Elitena Brown, Port de Grave.  
Mabel Dawe, Hare Bay.  
Alma Moore, Grace Materly  
Hospital.  
Nellie Reid, Hickman's Har-  
bor.  
Lizzie Banfield, Point Leam-  
ington.

CHARLES SOWTON,  
Commissioner.



Colonel and  
Mrs. Otway.

August 1st, 1925

THE WAR CRY

13

# From COUNTER To PLATFORM

## A SKETCH OF COLONEL OTWAY'S EVENTFUL CAREER

(Continued from last week)

TWO ASSISTANTS were soon commissioned to help the new Captain, one of whom was Lieutenant Powley, brother to our present Chief Secretary. Those three young Officers were nothing if not zealous in their work, and in a brief period four other villages were invited, making in all seven centres of work. The Soldiers' Roll numbered three hundred names, and twelve village Sergeants worked under the command of the Officers. Among the converts of that time who later earned distinction for their service was a railway clerk by the name of Spencer, now a Lieut.-Colonel in The Salvation Army.

Captain Otway was next appointed to Lavenham, Suffolk, and he again gave attention to the opening of four Outposts. It is of interest to know that at one of the Outposts the Sergeant-Major was a blacksmith who afterwards became a Baptist Minister. His son, however, at a later date, after spending a profitable period as a Soldier at another Corps, entered the Training Garrison and eventually offered for service in The Hermit Kingdom. He is to-day Major Hill of Korea, who recently married Elsie Kathleen Otway, the Colonel's eldest daughter.

### Promoted to the Staff

Captain Harry was not allowed to wear out in one appointment. It seemed he had scarcely driven his "rent perk" in one place before Marching Orders were received to proceed to a new field. In those days the ranking system of The Army was not so complex as at present. An Officer might go to sleep a humble Captain in the field and awake in the morning to find a letter advising of his elevation to a Staff-Captaincy.

Such a sudden flight from Field to Staff rank was one of the exhilarating experiences of the Captain. It was on December 30, 1885, that he proudly assumed the title of Staff-Captain. His superiors must have sensed that he was a born explorer, for they immediately set him to work to pioneer our Movement in the villages of the Eastern Counties. One opening per week was the objective of this ambitious young Staff Officer. As a duck takes to water he took to his new sphere of labor, his barn, coffee-house and pigsty experiences now serving him well. As fast as difficulties popped up he treated them as ten pins and knocked them down again, and throughout Norfolk, Suffolk and Cambridgeshire the pioneer fitted, introducing the old methods of this new-departure religious organization.

### Assistant to Colonel Ridsdel

It can truly be stated that the Eastern Counties of England at this time were ablaze with the Salvation flame, and like an onrushing prairie fire it spread from town to town. Thousands of souls were "born again," and scores of young men and women became Officers. Brigadier Pitches, now Resident Secretary for Immigration, Montreal, was one of the cateches about this time.

In December of '87 the Staff-Captain was appointed as A.D.C. to Colonel (now Commissioner, retired) Ridsdel in the Kent and Sussex Division. The term A.D.C. has now very largely passed out of Army terminology, but in those days it was a well-defined position, similar to Chamberlain of the present day. Colonel Ridsdel was then in his prime and proved a decided fillip in stirring up the enthusiasm of his "second," John Spencer (now Lieut.-Colonel) was Divisional Cashier of the Division at that time.

It happened that Brighton, Harry Otway's birthplace, was in the Kent and Sussex Division. Now that so many years intervene, we think it quite all right to whisper that the Staff-Captain paid more than frequent visits to his home town and preached to those who had known him as a prayer boy. And, had we been in his hands, we should have done the same.

However, he was not long permitted to enjoy this appointment, and a telegram brought a jolt in this happy arrangement. It read, "Come to London. See Chief immediately." Parvocet orders followed and he was appointed Divisional Officer in charge of the eastern village Corps—a re-appointment to conserve the work in his old battle-ground. The people in his command were very poor and constant financial stress kept the Divisional Exchequer at low ebb. From what we

learn of the hardships which the new D.C. endured, we should say he might well write us a book during his days of retirement, and entitle it, "How to be happy though penniless." Practical experience qualifies him so to do.

Captain Heather (now Lieut.-Colonel) was the Divisional Cashier at that time and worried a bit as to how best to secure funds which were absolutely necessary. However, as there were over one hundred Circle Corps and three hundred Outposts in the command, opportunity for "gold-digging" was not lacking.

### Various Other Appointments

Other Divisional commands followed; namely, Cambridge, Keenwick, South Wales, Wakefield, Yorkshire and Exeter. After a brief command of the last-mentioned Division, the General appointed him as Provincial Commander for Ireland. While there, on July 3, 1894, he was promoted to the rank of Major. It was in the city of Belfast that Major Otway was joined in matrimony to



Colonel Otway as he is to-day.

Captain Frances Green, the late Commissioner Howard and Rees conducting the ceremony.

Captain Green had considerable field experience, having commanded such Corps as Halifax 1, Castleford and Barnsley. She had also been attached to the Founder's staff in his great Salvation Campaigns. From the start she became a true partner, assisting effectively in campaigning throughout the Province.

In Colonel Otway's memory Ireland owes a "green" spot—green in more ways than one. During his administration there fourteen new Corps were opened and, as one might well expect, a great number of Outposts. It was at Reemount, a Lombardry Carpent, that one Mr. Orr, a law-  
yer's clerk, gave his heart to God. "Today he is a Lieut.-Colonel."

A definite work of grace was also accomplished at one of the other Outposts. A certain deacon of the local church attended The Army meetings and preached Salvation. He had a large business and among many other goods, sold intoxicating liquor. The morning following his conversion he called his staff together and informed them of the great change and ordered all liquor to be destroyed. Fully \$500.00 worth of stock was put out.

### India and Newfoundland

Two years later Major Otway was ordered to the National Headquarters, London, and appointed as Secretary and Organizer for Village Work in the British Territory. Evidently the name of "Otway" was to be inseparably related to the villages, and the entire Territory was moved to take a greater interest in the Salvation of the country population. Gospel vans moved from one settlement to another; tents were brought into use; and the rank of "Envoy" was introduced at that time, thus initiating an order of Army "Local Preachers."

Other appointments followed in rapid succession; namely, as Provincial Commander for the Midland Counties; as assistant under the late Commissioner Rees at the Training Garrison; as second in command in the London Province, under Commissioner Hoddler; as Provincial Commander of the Eastern Counties, and then of South and Mid-Wales, with Headquarters at Cardiff. Wales saw a great "move on," the Corps rising from sixty to eighty. There were sixty Bands, with twelve hundred Bandmen.

In 1912 Colonel and Mrs. Otway were transferred to India, and after a brief period of service there, returned to take charge of the Hull and Lincoln Division in England. In 1915 the General visited Hull and left orders for our comrades to again pack their trunks and proceed across the Atlantic to Newfoundland.

For three years Colonel and Mrs. Otway revelled in their labors on the Seagirt Isle. Of their journeyings of and victories many the Colonel could say much, but space will not permit. Suffice it to record his opinion that Newfoundland leads the world for real Salvationism. The population is less than one-half that of Toronto and is scattered about an area 40,000 square miles. In this command there are approximately ninety Corps. We think no other section of The Army would can approach this record, and greatly blessed his labors and ten new Corps were opened and thirty new properties erected. The Rolls of both Soldiers and Adherents were greatly increased and the financial status of The Army in the Sub-Territory advanced appreciably.

### Service in "The Queen City"

The year 1918 found the Colonel in Toronto as Divisional Commander for the City, and two years later as Men's Social Secretary for the Territory. During this latter appointment the Colonel has been a frequent traveler, visiting the various Institutions, Corps and prisons which were in the line of duty. Three new Hotels have been opened, the Industrial Departments have doubled their usefulness, and the Brighter Day League for prisoners has been inaugurated.

It is worthy of note that the Colonel's three children have followed in his footsteps and chosen Officership as their vocation in life. Adjutant Henry is in Chicago, Ill., connected with the Special Efforts Department; Kathleen (Mrs. Major Hill) and Gertrude (Mrs. Captain Willmott) are both in Korea.

To the "War Cry" representative the Colonel paid a great tribute to the work of Mrs. Otway. She is a born fighter and a good mother, and has been a faithful and powerful aide. Mrs. Otway has been closely associated with the Colonel in all his numerous campaigns. She has ever been a ready sharer of her husband's burdens and responsibilities, and manifested a keen interest in the progress of The Army work. It is well known that Mrs. Otway can talk well, and is at home on the platform. She has also proven her worth in personal dealing with men and women who were under the lash of conviction.

And now, after forty-one years of valiant service, Colonel and Mrs. Otway are about to retire. They reserve the days of rest, which are just ahead. As they slip out of the harness of active service into the great company of spent heroes on rest, they do so with the well wishes and prayers of many an one whom they have lifted a step nearer Heaven. As the Angel of the Lord has gone before them in a pillar of cloud during His day-time, may they have the sweet consciousness that He is near in a pillar of fire as they descend the slope of evening.

May the dear Lord preserve unto them as they journey down the hill together.



# Eric, the Viking Boy

By Penrush,

## Chapter III.—A Row and a Friend

ERIC was so intent on his cooking that he failed to notice the movement of sailors on deck and the tossing of the boat as, with sails set, she lazily drifted out of harbor on her journey. In fact, he was surprised on looking up to find the ship moving and to see Tromso, his home town, the only place he really knew, fast disappearing in the distance. He stood in the doorway for some little time and then went back into the galley. Soon after the mate suddenly appeared and demanded—

"What say, lad? Bring on the stuff. Don't you know that eight bells is the call to dinner? Get a move on."

Eric emptied the meat and potatoes in a porcelain dish and took it back to the forecabin, where the sailors were seated on their bunks with a table in the centre.

"Well, well, and here's little angel face now," called out one of the men, as Eric put down the dish. "We'll soon see what kind of a cook the captain picked."

Each of the sailors helped himself to a generous amount of steaming foodstuffs, which they piled on plates of tin and quickly started to eat. One mouthful was enough. The meat was heavy with salt and bitter tasting, and they spat it out, cursing.

"You little rat," the mate finally gasped. "I'll get you for that."

And rising, he struck Eric a blow on the mouth that sent him careening back across the forecabin and close to the front of the ladder. Other sailors got up to repeat the same dose, but the boy quickly realized his danger, rose to his feet and scrambled through the hatch to the deck just as a platter of mush, flung by one of the men, struck him on the head and poured down over his jacket and pants.

Burned to the skin, Eric howled back an angry retort at the men, whereupon one of the younger deck hands, more bitterly roused than the rest, took up the chase. Round and round the deck they chased, up the masts and down the rigging, up and down again until both were nearly exhausted. Presently, the captain came out of his cabin.

"What's the matter here now?" the old man cried, as he looked over the group of sailors at one side, the one lad climbing up the mast and Eric sliding down a rope from the crow's nest. "Has the ship gone crazy?"

"Well, now, sir," began the mate stepping out from the group, "I can't say that all of us have gone crazy, but the boy, there, little baby face, isn't a cook, or I'm crazy, and that's that."

The captain's cheeks flushed, his eyes blazed, as he called Eric to him.

When the boy approached the captain took his nose between fore and centre fingers and twisted his head back until their eyes met.

"I hired you for a cook, and you've turned out to be a good liar," the captain exclaimed. "Now get back in the galley there, and over the rail you go if I hear so much as a peep from the men again. Is that plain?"

"Yes, sir," muttered Eric. "Get back, and let's see what you can do," said the captain, turning on his heel and walking back to the cabin.

Eric, sore in body and bitterly sore in spirit, made his way slowly back to the galley and slumped down on a bench to the side. He realized he was a failure and thought of the future as days, weeks, months that had to be struggled through. There seemed to be no way out. But just when things looked blackest a sailor stepped in the doorway. He was the oldest member of the crew, more

"I know that. It's too bad you led the captain on to thinking that you could. He might have found someone else in your place. But that's neither here nor there and right now it's little concern of ours. What I want to do is to get you started right; that is, if you want me to."

"Why, I'll do anything you ask," Eric answered in a breath. "Just tell me what to do."

Patience, the old man went over some of the things Eric was not to do. Most important of all, he wasn't to pretend. Nor was he to talk back. That might be all right for the first mate but it wasn't done—by the cook.

Eric took in everything that was said and then closely watched the old man as he prepared supper. How easily he went about his work, first putting in a good fire and then making really the boiled potatoes and herring. It was a feast as meals go aboard boat and Eric was mighty proud when the mate finally summoned him to the forecabin.

When Eric entered with the tray

especially hard for the first mate to understand.

"I say," he remarked to some of the other men, quizzically, "I want to know what those two find to like in each other. You'd think they were brothers."

"You would that," the sailor answered. "Ain't it queer?"

And there the discussion would drift into all sorts of probabilities. One morning Eric had a particularly trying time. He was cleaning out the main cabin when the captain came in, and, wrenching the broom from his hands, exclaimed:

"What do you mean by making all this dust. Here I came in for a rest and find the place in an uproar."

"But you told me to clean up the room," Eric put in. "and that's what I was trying to do."

"Clean, you whippersnapper," the captain fairly shouted. "You don't know what cleaning is; out with you!" And he pushed Eric, broom and all, out of the cabin and slammed the door.

Eric, down in the mouth and thoroughly crushed in spirit, walked back to the galley and took a seat on the bench, where he was soon joined by Fritz.

"What's the matter now?" Fritz asked, noticing a sharp look of pain in the eyes of his friend. "You'd think the world had suddenly turned topsy-turvy."

"It has—for me," Eric replied. And he related his recent experience with the captain.

"You mustn't mind the old man, not now, at any rate," said Fritz slapping a hearty hand, in comradely fashion, on the boy's knee. "It's not to be blamed."

"Course, you'd stick up for him," Eric exclaimed, boyishly. "you always do."

"There, now, lad, come down to earth and I'll tell you something."

"Well!"

"I said the captain had plenty to worry about, and I meant it. Haven't you noticed a sort of haze on the water since early morning? And gaze at the sky. It looks like a mess of curdled milk, and I'm here to tell you the signs ain't good. We're headed straight into a storm, and the captain knows it. Right now he's busy studying the barometer."

"Oh!"

"You may well say 'oh!' continued Fritz. "come, now, and I'll show you what to do."

The galley was only a makeshift sort of box on the forward deck. It was little larger than six feet square and had a stubby little chimney sticking out through the top. Fritz helped Eric make fast the little box, and then told him of a few things that would have to be done when the storm broke. Eric listened closely and took care to follow all directions.

That morning there was little change in the weather, and it was not until late afternoon that the sailors began to get uneasy. Waves caps started to break on the water while the sky darkened quickly and the schooner began to toss. Just then Fritz ran into the galley where Eric was putting about with some things, and exclaimed:

"Don't mind about that. Stay in and get into your bunk. We're in for a rough time, no mistake about it."

(To be continued)



"The meat was bitter and they spat it out."

bowed of leg, and, as the boy was pleased to notice before, a little kinder than the rest.

"I've come to talk over things a bit," said the old man as he sat down beside Eric. "I may be able to help you."

"You—you're here to help me?" Eric exclaimed incredulously. "Why you don't even know my name, or I yours."

"Mine's Fritz," said the older man. "and I want you to know, first of all, that I, too, served up salty meat on my first trip out."

"You did?"

The old man laughed. "Most all the young fellows do. Few of them know how to cure salted meat and the old sailors expect them to make a blunder. Trouble is, they always get sore and very often raise up a lot of devilment for the whole trip. I want to prevent it if I can this time."

## Eric Finds a Friend

"But what can you do?" asked Eric, hopeful for the first time. "I don't know a thing about cooking."

the men, as he could see, were bitter and ready to explode at the first opportunity. Gingerly, now, they inspected the food and carefully ate it. But there was no complaint this time. Most of the sailors went in for a second helping and a knowing glance passed between Eric and old Fritz when the mate finally said:

"Well, now, that's different. I wonder where the kid learned it."

## Chapter IV.—Out in a Stiff Storm

Eric and Fritz were inseparable companions during the next few days. Fritz liked to putter about the stove, especially at dinner time, and the boy proved to be an apt pupil, learning much about the cooking of simple dishes and care of the galley. Eric, on the other hand, did all he could to relieve Fritz of some of the menial tasks about deck, and frequently stood watch with the older man until long after midnight. Thus was a friendship ripened that was to be wondered at and whispered about by the rest of the crew during the remainder of the voyage. It was

## HELP US FIND!

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, free of charge, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address Colonel H. Otway, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, marking "Enquiry" on the Envelope. One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Information wanted of JOHN and JAMES MORRISON, sons of the late John Morrison of Rugby Avenue, also Victoria Road, Bangor, County Down, Ireland. Communicate immediately with Colonel Otway, 20 Albert Street, Toronto. Advantageous news awaits.



ROGERS, Bert—Supposed to have come to Canada from Mounouthshire, on S.S. "Montcalm," during 1924, intending to go harvesting in the West. There is trouble at home, and his mother is anxious to get in touch with him (see photo). 15570

MCGOLDRICK, Pat—Age 44, height 5 ft. 3 in., fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Native of Ballinacilly, Riverstown, Co. Sligo. Came to Canada about 15 years ago to better himself. Good news awaits. 15521

WALTON, Luther—Age 36, medium height, fair complexion, brown eyes and hair (turning grey), thumb missing on right hand. Last heard from in March, 1924, when he was in Toronto. Wife and family anxiously enquiring. 15571

PARKER, Nellie Marie—Age 18. Supposed to have come to Canada with her father some nine years ago. May be in Toronto. Her father, Edmund Richard Parker, is an engraver by trade. Sister Ethel enquires. 15580

McNEVIN, William or Mitchell—Left home two years ago and has roamed around the West and also the States. Home was in Western Canada. Information will be thankfully received as to his whereabouts. 15493

FATUN, Christian Emil, alias Jack Hamilton—Age 27, medium weight, bluish-grey eyes, dark complexion. Danish. Was with the C.E.F. but returned to Canada and was working for the Hydro in Nipigon in 1921. Mother anxiously enquires for her son. 15420

MORRISON, Sarah—Age 47, height 5 ft. 1 in., Auburn hair, grey eyes, fair complexion. Irish. Was in Montreal several years ago. Brother enquires. 15432

ACTON, William and Wife—Came to Canada in 1871-72. Was a bootmaker by profession, and is supposed to have resided in Montreal. Son is very anxious to locate. 15467

WRIGHT, Herbert Orlando—Age 37, height 6 ft., dark brown hair, blue-grey eyes, pale complexion. Missing since August last. Was last heard from at St. James Street Post Office, Montreal. Information urgently needed. 15455

DOWNEY, Thomas—Age 29, height 5 ft. 3 in., dark hair, blue eyes. Ex-soldier, served with Rifle Artillery. Relatives last heard from about two years ago in Montreal. 15467

HARMAN, Benjamin—Age 35, height 5 ft. 11 in., dark eyes and hair. Last heard from in Western Canada. Mother would be glad to receive any news regarding his whereabouts. 15499

MACK, Clara Victoria—Age 28, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark brown eyes, pale complexion, Irish. Photographed. Last heard from in Toronto about eight years ago. Brother enquires. 15567

GUTORMSEN, Johan Severin—Age 49, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes, Norwegian. Last heard from some 37 years ago in Halifax. Sister would like news. 15563

LINDSTROM, Walter—Norwegian. Age 24, medium height, blue eyes, fair hair. Last heard from in New York in December, 1922; may have come to Canada. Father enquires. 15509

KJAEER, Miss Johanne—Last known to live in Ottawa. May have married. We would like to communicate with this party. 15509

ALLNATT, Edward George—Age 52, height (nearly) 6 ft., brown hair and eyes, fresh complexion, black eyes, ex-soldier. Native of Southampton, England. Daughter enquires. 15514



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McGOLDRICK, Pat—Age 44, height 5 ft. 8 in., fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Native of Balbrinkill, Riverstown, Co. Sligo. Came to Canada about 15 years ago to better himself. Good news awaits. 15524

WALTON, Luther—Age 46, medium height, fair complexion, brown eyes and hair turning grey. Thumbs missing on right hand. Last heard from in March, 1921, when he was in Toronto. Wife and family anxiously enquiring. 15571

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MENEVIN, William or Mitchell—Left home six years ago and has roamed around the West and also the States. Home was in Wingham. Information will be thankfully received as to his whereabouts. 15533

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MORRISON, Sarah—Age 47, height 5 ft. 1 in., Auburn hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, Irish. Was in Montreal several years ago. Brother enquires. 15542

ACTON, William and Wife—Came to Canada in 1917-18. Was a bookbinder by profession and is supposed to have resided in Montreal. Son is very anxious to locate. 15467

WRIGHT, Herbert Orlando—Age 37, height 6 ft., dark brown hair, blue-grey eyes, pale complexion. Missing since August last. Was last heard from St. James Street Post Office, Montreal. Information urgently needed. 15485

DOWNEY, Thomas—Age 28, height 5 ft. 9 in., dark hair, blue eyes. Ex-soldier, served with Tifle Artillery. Relatives last heard from him two years ago in Montreal. 15497

HARMAN, Benjamin—Age 35, height 5 ft. 11 1/2 in., dark eyes and hair. Last heard from in Western Canada. Mother would be glad to receive any news regarding his whereabouts. 15499

MACK, Clara Victoria—Age 28, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark brown eyes, fair complexion, Irish. Photographer. Last heard from in Toronto about eight years ago. Brother enquires. 15507

GUTORMSEN, Johan Severin—Age 59, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes, Norwegian. Last heard from some 37 years ago in Halifax. Sister would like news. 15508

LINDSTROM, Valborg—Norwegian, age 24, medium height, blue eyes, fair hair. Last heard from in New York in December, 1922; may have come to Canada. Father enquires. 15509

KUABER, Miss Johanne—Last known to live in Ottawa. May have married. Would like to communicate with this party. 15509

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## COMING EVENTS COMMISSIONER AND MRS. SOWTON

Toronto 1.—Sun., Aug. 30th.  
Sunnyside—Sun., Aug. 30th, 9 p.m.  
Riverdale—Sun., Sept. 6th.  
Port Colborne—Sun., Sept. 13th.  
Temple—Thurs., Sept. 17th. (Farewell of Colonel and Mrs. Otway).  
Temple—Sun., Sept. 20th. (Welcome of Cadets).  
Colonel Adby will accompany.

**The Chief Secretary**  
(Colonel Powley)  
Trenton, Ont.—Sat. and Sun., Aug. 1st and 2nd. (Opening of new Hall).  
MAJOR KNIGHT: Halleybury, Fri., July 31st; Cobalt, Sat., Aug. 1-2nd.  
STAFF-CAPTAIN H. RITCHIE: North Sydney, Thurs., July 30th.  
STAFF-CAPTAIN THOMPSON—Breck Ave., Sun., Aug. 9th.

## HOSPITAL'S FIFTH BIRTHDAY

THE SYDNEY CITADEL presented a very charming appearance on a recent afternoon, when the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Hospital gave a delightful tea in honor of the Hospital's fifth birthday. The tea table, which was prettily decorated, was centered with a huge birthday cake covered with white icing and decorated with shamrocks. Yellow, green and white was the color scheme used throughout, and great bunches of daffodils, in their setting of green leaves, were everywhere in evidence. These were the gift of F. J. Hinet. The twelve months of the year were smartly represented by twelve small tea-tables, at which the guests were seated, each table decorated to represent the month to which it belonged. Each table was in charge of a lady representing the month and who worked under the convener of the social committee, Mrs. Evan Lauman.

Under the direction of Mrs. Tennant, a pleasing program was given. The excellent sum of \$162.00 was realized.

## DIGBY Ensign Mosher

On Sunday the Meeting took the form of a farewell to Captain Urquhart who has been stationed here for the past year, and also to Captain Thompson who was with us for a short time. On Thursday night we welcomed Ensign Mosher and at the close of the Prayer Meeting one backslider returned to the fold.

## NEW GLASGOW

Commandant and Mrs. Woolfrey From the beginning of the Self-Denial Campaign a splendid spirit was manifested by the Comrades, although numbers of men are out of employment owing to the miners' strike. When it was made known that the target of \$1,175.00 was smashed there was indeed great rejoicing, this being a record Self-Denial total for New Glasgow.

The young people deserve great credit for the splendid effort on their part in the Campaign. They worked hard and gave willingly.

The income from the Saving League was excellent. When the last Sunday's savings were handed in the record sheet showed the handsome sum of \$101.30, this amount being nearly four times as much as the previous year.

The many friends of The Army who donate yearly to the Self-Denial Fund did well, some of them giving twice as much as last year. We highly appreciate the splendid spirit manifested by them.

**BREAKING  
NEW GROUND  
IN CHINA.**

(See page 3)

# The WAR CRY

Official Gazette of The Salvation Army in Canada East,  
Newfoundland and Bermuda.

**THE ARMY'S  
DIAMOND  
JUBILEE.**

(See page 4)

Number 2129.

TORONTO, August 1st, 1925.

Price FIVE CENTS

TOKYO is a strange mixture of up-to-date efficiency and semi-feudalistic old-worldism. One sees the seven-storied office building with elevators and every modern convenience almost side by side with the tiled-roofed, wooden structure which differs but slightly from the houses and shops that formed the Tokyo of fifty or even a hundred years ago.

The last word in limousines may be followed by an itinerant vendor whose stock-in-trade is carried in a similar vehicle to that used by his great-grandfather.

One can go along the streets and hear disseminating music a loud speaker—the product of the latest scientific wonder—or there may burst upon one's ears the weird notes of a kind of flageolet, which is the call of the man who comes round with a cart and serves hot suppers—a similar call as gladdened the hearts and whetted the appetites of the Japanese long before Commander Perry made his historic call at Uruga and thus opened Japan to foreign influence.

Sometimes the city takes on a subdued, decorative garb (especially at New Year time) which makes one feel he has landed in a Fairyland; at other times it bursts forth with the garish brilliancy of Piccadilly or Broadway.

It will not be wondered at, therefore, that even the fire-fighting appliances of the city have their contrasting aspects. At night a man patrols each residential district carrying a lantern and two pieces of hardwood which he periodically bangs together as he walks. We sometimes call him the "click-clack man," and we are glad to hear him as his wooden clappers tell us that all is well and there are no outbreaks of fire in our vicinity.

Should he carry a drum, however, we become alert and listen carefully so that we may hear him call out where the fire is and thus judge whether it is necessary for us to begin to make preparations for clearing out. This is an anxious moment, as at any time a fire might occur which would sweep over a whole district. The rapidity with which Japanese families can be on the trail with practically all their belongings makes one feel he must have everything packed up ready for just such an emergency.

In the event of a fire being in progress, one also hears the weird, mournful cries of the sirens and the powerful throbs of the up-to-date fire engines as they rush to the point of danger. These, in the dead stillness of the night, are sounds better realized than described, and it is only fair to place on record that the Japanese firemen are the equals of any in their devotion to duty and the success with which they combat the ravaging flames.

## Contrasts in Tokyo

By Staff-Captain Herbert Climpson

As would be expected, The Army is quickly on the spot when large fires occur. Our Officers render what succor they can to the distressed; the pictures give some idea of what was done in connection with a recent fire which occurred in Nippori, a suburb of

prising. They found a man carrying a kind of drink for sale, so they pressed him into service; with this and some milk and biscuits they gave appreciated nourishment to nearly five thousand people. They also distributed candles and matches for the hand lanterns used by the people when going about at night in times when electric light has failed, small towels, which are always carried by Japanese, and also numbers of "War Crys." With the fire blazing round them, in a place hallowed out amongst the hot wreckage, Major Segawa and his assistants thus ministered to the refugees all through the night.

Parcels were made up at Headquarters and dispatched to one hundred and fifty of the refugees from the Nippori fire. They were very much appreciated, and towards their cost Baron Morimura, a long-standing practical friend of The Army's, gave a substantial donation.

Some idea of the extent of the fire will be gathered from the fact that over fifteen thousand people were rendered homeless and two thousand one hundred houses were destroyed. Can it be wondered that life in Tokyo is full of strain and excitement? One never knows when the next fire will happen or whether it might not come into his own district. This is another of the possible contrasts in Tokyo.

The Salvation Army unfurled its Flag in Japan in 1895, and throughout the years since then our Work has manifested a steady progressiveness—which in more recent years has been really extraordinary. Reviewing the position at the present time there are over one hundred and twenty centres of work in operation and nearly four hundred Officers and employees.

Considerable developments in Social Service have been witnessed in recent years. Homes for friendless women, Retreats for ex-prisoners, Hospitals for the sick, and a magnificent Sanatorium for consumptives are amongst much-valued and God-honoring features of labor.

Members of the Imperial House, impressed by the practical results secured, have shown genuine and practical sympathy with the work.

In the shocking earthquake disaster of September, 1923, The Army suffered heavy material losses by the destruction of the imposing Central Headquarters and Hospital, four Social Institutions, ten Corps Halls, as well as other partially damaged properties. However, the vitality of The Army in Nippon is evidenced by the present day revival from the rubbish heap.



Major Segawa Distributing Biscuits to Nippori Fire Sufferers.

Tokyo. A bearing in a laundry machine got overheated, a fire broke out and, owing to lack of water, the fire brigades were greatly hampered in their efforts to control the blaze.

Our people were both brave and enter-

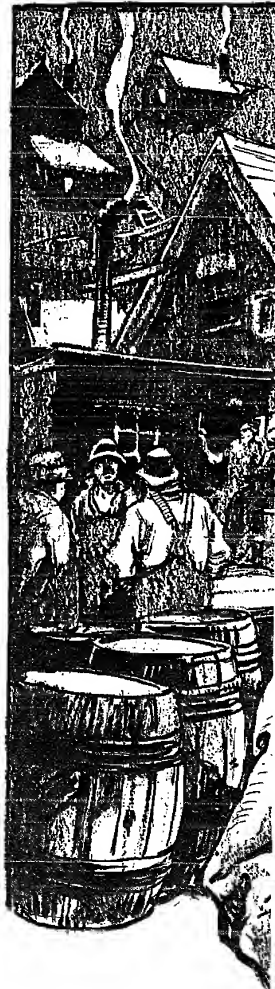


Fire Relief Brigade at Nippori, Dispensing Rice Water, Matches, Towels and Candles.

# The WA

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(See pages nine and thirteen.)